JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 1, 1927

Vol. XLII. No. 1111.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

EVERYTHING The G.E.C. your guarantee ELECTRICAL

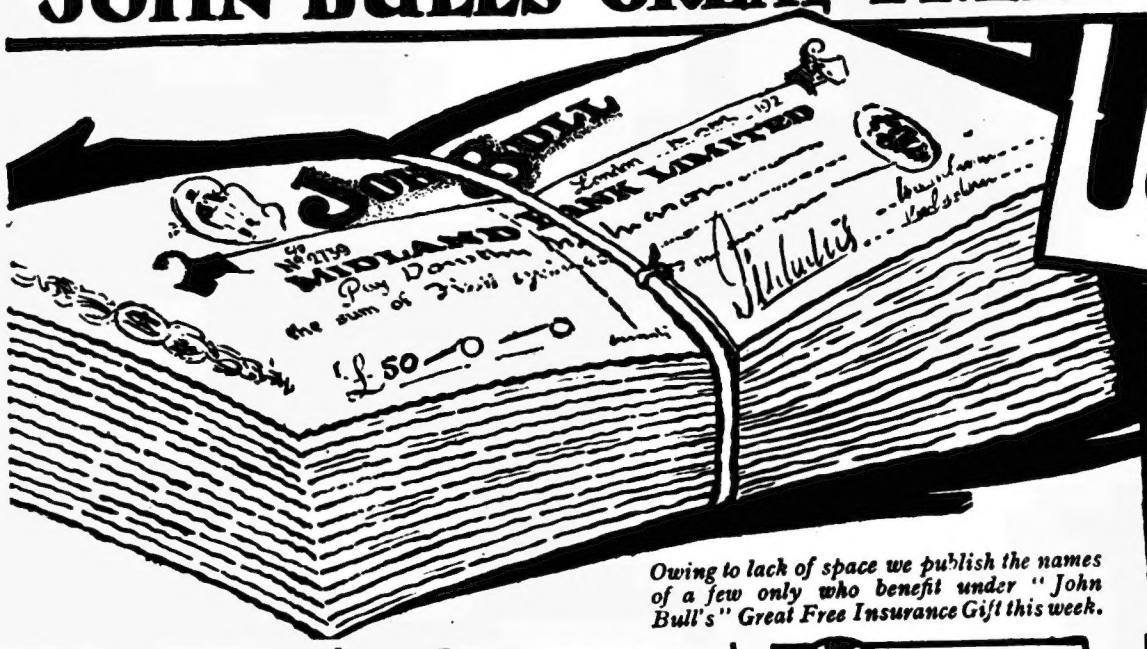
Your Final Choice
Will be the New
Osram Valves
with the New Filament
for
LOUDER SIGNALS
CLEARER REPRODUCTION
LOWER CURRENT CONSUMPTION

A complete series for 2 Volt 4 Volt & 6 Volt users

136 MORE INSURANCE BENEFITS PAID

SEE PAGE 2.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT



136 MORE CHEQUES FOR REGISTERED READERS

Owing to lack of space we publish the names of a few only who benefit under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift this week.

FIRE UP TO £400

BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.—Mr. J. WAITE, 24, Frederick Street.
STANFORD-LE-HOPE, ESSEX.—Mrs. E. M. HOCKLEY, 4, King Street.
LEDBURY, HEREFORDSHIRE.—Mr. H. D. BOSWORTH, 1, West End Villa, Newbury Park.
CALDERCRUIX, LANARKSHIRE.—Mrs. I. HUTTON, Burnhead Place.
BRIDPORT, DORSET.—Mrs. A. M. ROGERS, Lower Loders.
BOW, E.—Mrs. E. WARRINGTON, 55, Hamilton Road.
EAST PLEAN, STIRLING.—Mr. O. BOYLE, Cardrewan Cottage.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. H. SCOTT, East Heaton Farm, Heaton.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. M. NUTT, 292, Newfoundland Road, St. Paul's.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. T. TAYLOR, 58, Woodside Lane, Pitsmoor.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mr. A. RUDD, 33, South Terrace.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. BURNS, 22, Tabernacle Lane, Cambuslang.
YORKSHIRE.—Mr. R. HANKS, 13, Oakville Street, Huntingdon Road.
LEEDS.—Mrs. E. EARNSHAW, 22, Station Parade, Kirkstall.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. E. CUNNINGHAM, Hailes Quarry, Dumbryden, Slateford.
NORTHFLEET, KENT.—Mrs. C. KITSELL, 35, Lawn Road.

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

HANTS.—Mr. A. BARNES, 18, Forest Side, Nr. Emsworth.
MARCHWIEL, Nr. WREXHAM.—Mr. T. W. PARRY, Police Station.
SUDBURY, WEMBLEY, MIDDLESEX.—Mr. L. HASTHORP, "Cladamuir," Elms Lane.
ELM, Nr. WISBECH, CAMBS.—Mrs. E. M. LISTER, Nr. Boys' School.
BRIERLEY HILL, STAFFS.—Mr. J. SIMPSON, 15, Moor Lane.
WALSALL, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. BROWN, 63, Lower Forster Street.
CARRINGTON, NOTTS.—Mrs. F. COLTON, 5, New Street.
CRUMLIN, Nr. NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. A. SMITH, 11, Hillside.
LOW MOORSLEY, DURHAM.—Mr. J. H. GARDNER, 73, East Row.
NANTYGLO, MON.—Mr. TOM EVANS, Junr., 92, King Street.
NEWARK, NOTTS.—Mr. E. J. SHEPPARD, 3, Leuton Terrace, Millgate.
FOXEARTH, Nr. LONG MELFORD, SUFFOLK.—Mr. S. S. EADY, Western End.
PRESBURY, Nr. MACCLESFIELD, CHESHIRE.—Mr. A. H. JONES, Spittal House.
MARGATE.—Mr. R. GRANT, 16, Rudcorn Road, Westbrook.
LEICESTER.—Mr. A. HOLYLAND, Foxton Locks, Nr. Market Harborou h.

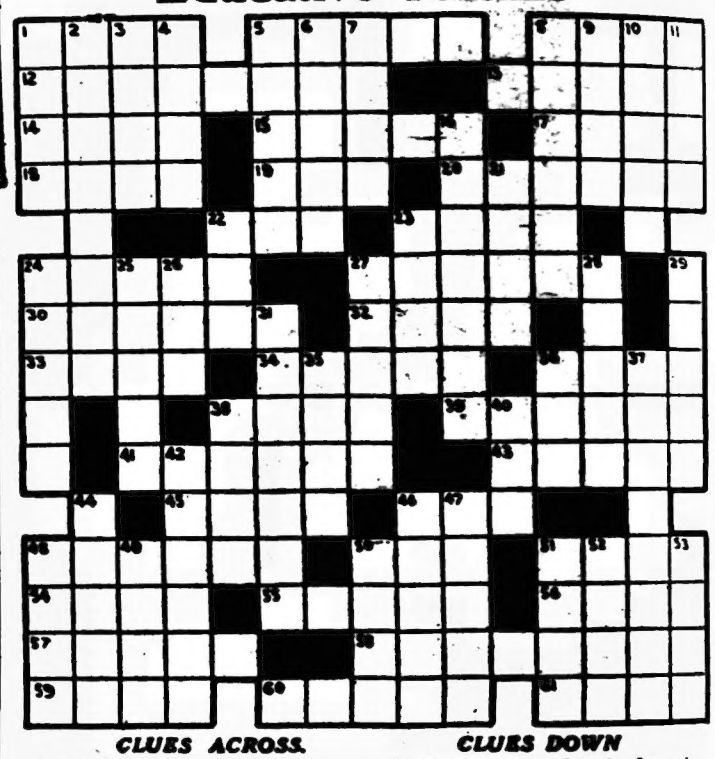
ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

UTTOXETER, STAFFS.—Mrs. A. M. EYRE, Bramshall.
OXFORD.—Mrs. M. GRUNDY, 32, Sunningwell Road.
SILSDEN, Nr. KEIGHLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. M. TURTON, 14, Aire View.
ROCHDALE, LANCS.—Mr. C. W. STANLEY, 300, Halifax Road.
HAWORTH, Nr. KEIGHLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. S. A. LEE, 8, Change Gate.
BELVEDERE, KENT.—Mrs. E. GRANT, 157, Abbey Road.
BEER, DEVON.—Mrs. E. A. COLLIER, Church View, Fore Street.
ST. HELENS, LANCS.—Mrs. A. ROGERS, 182, Greenfield Road.
BLAENCLYDACH, RHONDDA VALLEY, GLAM.—Mrs. A. SAUNDERS, 1, Evans Terrace.
BRADFORD, MANCHESTER.—Mr. A. BERRY, 33, St. Ann Street.
RASSAU, BEAUFORT, MON.—Mrs. M. PHILLIPS, Sunny Bank.
LICKEY END, Nr. BROMSGROVE, WORCS.—Mrs. L. GILES, Alcester Road.
BARRY, Nr. CARDIFF, GLAM.—Mrs. M. J. WATKINS, 21, Oxford Street.
NEW KENT ROAD, S.E.17.—Mrs. G. CAMMSORE, 100, Lion Street.

NEWSAGENTS BONUS.—Bonuses in respect of the benefit paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

Our Cross-Word Corner.

Educative Pastime



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Swift.
5. Summoned.
8. Hunting whip.
12. Height.
13. To pare closely.
14. A job.
15. Incurring punishment
17. Affirm.
18. Allowance for weight.
19. Consume.
20. State.
22. Lineal measure.
23. Place.
24. A monastery.
27. Dust.
30. Kind of embroidery.
32. Melody.
33. Swift animal.
34. Bygone.
36. Attitude.
38. Parched.
39. Look.
41. Knotted.
43. Wide awake.
45. Baptismal basin.
46. Uncooked.
48. White-haired person.
50. Border.
51. Charity.
54. Valley.
55. Ingenuous.
56. Mantle.
57. Egg shaped.
58. Intelligent.
59. Worthless plant.
60. To make expense.
61. Legal document.

CLUES DOWN

1. Reality.
2. Famous music-hall.
3. A celebrity.
4. To weary.
5. Small vessel used in refining.
6. Perfect.
7. Portable shelter.
8. Virtuous.
9. To be wild.
10. Open.
11. Saucy.
16. The peewit.
21. Water softener.
22. Optic.
23. Tender.
24. Pains.
25. Brimless hat.
26. Female sheep.
27. Rice in the husk.
28. A department of France.
29. Swift.
31. Kind of double eyeglass.
35. Cheerful air.
36. Boon companion.
37. To clutch eagerly.
38. Immediately.
40. Statute.
42. In the field.
44. A serf.
46. Split.
47. To improve.
48. To declare.
49. A colour.
50. To ascend.
51. Dry.
52. Part of the ear.
53. Original.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on page 38

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1.10.27.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 1.10.27.

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer!

"More than pleased. Really worth half a guinea." M. W. Hales, 4, Swinburne Gardens, Tilbury.

The "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14 ct. Solid Gold Nib iridium tip worth 15/-
2/6" Everpointed" Pencil with refills FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6
You send Six Coupons and P.O. for 4/- (plus 3d. postage and insurance) 4/-

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.
Name engraved in Gold on Pen 6d. extra.

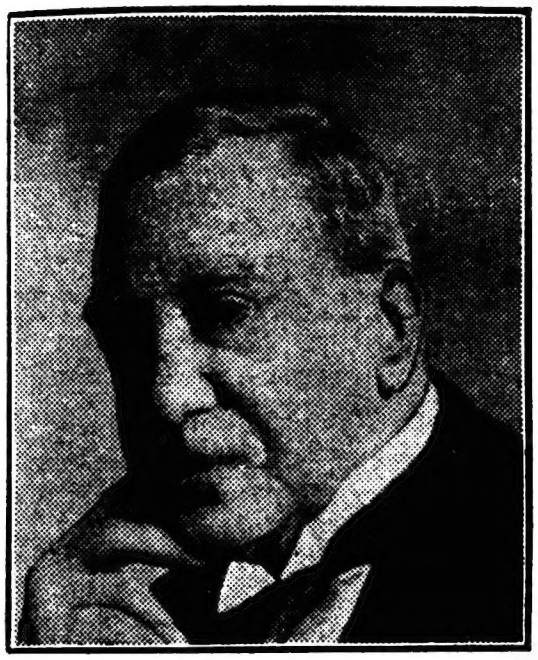
YOU SAVE 13/6

2/6 'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

YEAST IS LIFE!

IRVING'S Yeast Vite TABLETS

THE LIGHTNING PICK-ME-UP. Contains no harmful Drugs.



H. CHANCE NEWTON (CARADOS of THE "REFEREE")

writes as follows concerning the virtues of

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TONIC TABLETS

To Messrs. Yeast-Vite Laboratories,
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct,
London, E.C.1.

"Dear Sirs,

Hitherto my 'testimonialising' has been confined to praising those cheery plays and players that undoubtedly act as 'pick-me-ups' for jaded and brain-fagged workers of all classes who sensibly adopt the playgoing prescription. Now, however, I feel impelled to give—for the first time in a not utterly inadventurous life, both behind and before the curtain—a testimonial to the remarkable effect of YEAST-VITE, not only upon myself, but also on several friends, to some of whom indeed I owe my own introduction to this wonderful restorative. In testifying thus to the building-up and general brightening effect of YEAST-VITE upon such incessantly working theatrical and variety folk and journalists as myself (for I have toiled hard in all these departments), I am but voicing what Dear Old Charles Hawtrey used to describe in one of his greatest successes as the 'simple, beautiful, straightforward, unadulterated Truth'—and so say all of us—blithely built-up YEAST-VITERS."

Yours faithfully,

H. Chance Newton

Every Man and Woman needs Vitamin B—
Nature's own tonic and vital food element

Without Vitamin B life cannot be maintained—says an eminent scientist. A great Physician and authority on Dietetics in his articles on Health has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly, and in his list of comparative values he marks Yeast as the richest source of Vitamin B. Yeast-Vite is abundantly rich in Vitamin B. When out of sorts or depressed take 1 or 2 Yeast-Vite tonic tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

GUARANTEE. Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly post us the empty bottle and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that this unsolicited testimonial is not genuine.

We have received nearly 45,000 letters from satisfied users in less than five years, which are open to inspection.

IRVING'S
YEAST-VITE
TABLETS WILL RELIEVE:

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes
Indigestion, Flatulence in 5 to 10 minutes
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression in 10 to 15 minutes
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc. in 10 to 15 minutes
Influenza, Colds, Fever, in 24 hours

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

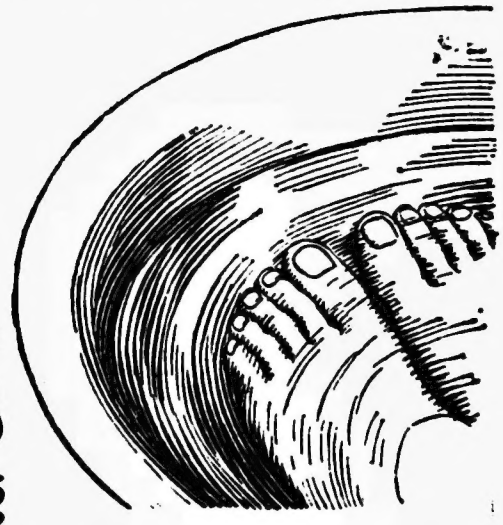
CAUTION

Beware of imitations. See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle and sealed with Government stamp. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

At all Chemists and Stores: 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES
MEDICAL YEAST SPECIALISTS,
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1
WRITE TO US FOR PARTICULARS OF ALL VITAMIN B YEAST PREPARATIONS

"John Bull" Window Display Competition – Material Supplied to the Trade on Request.



Four Soakings remove corns of 1 years standing

Here's a cheering record for all corn martyrs! In 4 days—80 minutes in all in Radox footbaths—two year-old offenders slipped out easily under the finger-nail of this gentleman. Radox will remove your corns the same pleasant way. Just a few Radox footbaths—then out they come! Read this letter:—

"Radox Bath Salts have removed two very painful corns of over a year's standing. I soaked the corns in hot water into which a handful of Radox had been added for at least twenty minutes, filling up with hot water as it cooled down. This I repeated for four days in succession, and then I found the corns so loosened I could take them clean out with the finger nail. I recommended Radox to a lady who suffers with muscular rheumatism, and she has received great ease since bathing with them." C. B. Lancaster.
7th August, 1927.

When you put your feet into a foot-bath containing Radox the salt softens the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Ask for Radox at your chemist. Price 1/6 per Half Pound Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen feeling."

WONDERFUL

BARGAINS AND FREE GIFTS

Monster Bales of BEDDING, DRAPERY, CUTLERY and HOUSEHOLD GOODS

FORTY-FIVE ARTICLES IN ALL.

ONLY **40/-** Carriage Paid

Grasp this extraordinary opportunity to provide yourselves with a complete set of warm winter Bedding and other useful goods at a great money-saving price. A remarkable Bale-full of Household necessities that will give delight and satisfaction.

The Bargain Bales contain all the following goods:—

BLANKETS
SHEETS
QUILTS
PILLOW CASES
TOWELS
CUTLERY
CLOCKS
ENAMEL WARE
FANCY GOODS

Forty-Five Articles in All.

A MARVELLOUS £2 WORTH

that would cost more than double if bought in the ordinary way.
No damaged or soiled goods. All guaranteed genuine regular stock.

DON'T DELAY AND RISK DISAPPOINTMENT. SEND YOUR ORDER AT ONCE AND RECEIVE BY RETURN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST AND BEST BARGAIN.

All Bedding guaranteed Full size for Double Beds.

IF UNABLE TO SEND FULL CASH AT ONCE SECURE THE GOODS NOW BY SENDING A SMALL DEPOSIT. THE BALANCE CAN BE PAID AT YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE.

THE CENTRAL SUPPLY STORES,
6, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

FREE GIFT COUPON.
By attaching this coupon to the order, readers of "John Bull" will receive a beautiful and valuable FREE GIFT along with the goods. (J.B.13)

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET

A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

and have the smartest one possible made in the new 1927 cloth that always looks and wears well. Pay 7/6 down and balance monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

These are not Ready-Made Suits altered to fit you, but EACH ONE IS CUT & MADE TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS. Money refunded if not satisfied.

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns & Self-measurement Form.

Established 25 years.

J. B. THORNE & Co
36, LANGHAM ST., LONDON, W.1.

ENLARGEMENTS

(20 x 16 ins.) LIFE SIZE. (20 x 16 ins.)
BLACK AND WHITE.

REPRODUCED WITHIN SEVEN DAYS from any portrait, holiday snapshots, group or film, photos of pets and landscapes, etc., to life-size or smaller. Send stamped addressed envelope for return of original photograph. Also put name on all photos.

1/6 Post Free.

RICH BROWN SEPIA - - **2/-** Post Free

THE REGENT SEPIA ART STUDIOS (Dept. J.B.1)
16, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W. 1

FLOOR COVERING

Amazing values. Buy from the firm with greater resources. Better quality; lower prices. Huge stocks. All kinds. See for yourself the beautiful patterns and substance.

Ask for
FREE SAMPLES
and illustrated list and see what you save. Send a post-card now. Money refunded if not delighted.

J. ROLLS & CO.,
88, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

81 SQUARE FEET FOR **15/-**

2/- YOUR CHOICE OF THE WEEKLY BEST

B.S.A., TRIUMPH, RUDGE-WHITWORTH, ARIEL, SWIFT, NEW HUDSON, ELSWICK, HERCULES, B. & C., &c. Each fully guaranteed for 20 years. On 10 days' approval. Direct from makers' factory.

Packed free and Carriage paid.

Easy Payments arranged to suit you.

Cash Prices from £4:19:6

Send Now for FREE 1927 Lists

THE BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY CYCLE CO. (Dept. J/12) SOUTHAMPTON.

PAY FOR COAT AS YOU WEAR IT

Most wonderful bargain of the Season

No. 2100. Ladies' Smart Coat, in Fancy Overcheck ALL-WOOL TWEED. Plain back, patch pockets, with half belt. Well tailored, buckle to tone. In shades of Fawn, Grey and Brown. Pay 4/- down and 4/- monthly until you have paid in all **29/6**

MONEY RETURNED IF UNSATISFACTORY. Before placing your order elsewhere, write for Patterns and Catalogue of Coats, Costumes, Furs, etc., a wonderful Review of the Season's Newest Models. Post free.

"First with the Fashions."

J.B. THORNE & Co
56 LANGHAM ST. LONDON. W.1.

Daintiear

Worthy of the Occupant

SALE! During our Sale we are authorised by the makers to offer a limited number of genuine Daintiears at substantially reduced prices. This £5 5 0 model as illus. for

£2 . 19 . 6

(or 6/- monthly). Ribbed Cushion Tyres 10/6 extra. Numerous other models at similar reductions. *Send at once for illustrated list post free from*

VICTORIA CYCLE and CARRIAGE CO., Dept. P 163, 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W. 1

THIS SUPERIOR CHARLESTON UKULELE

Ideal for Summer Outings.

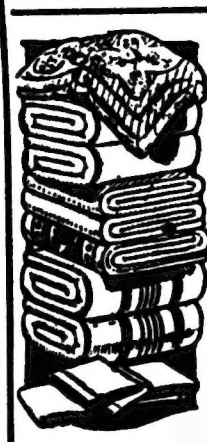
FOR **1/-** down.

COMPLETE PLAYING AND TUITION OUTFIT.

MAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS JOLLY DAYS with this glorious Jazz Instrument. With Self-Tutor you can play the popular Plantation Melodies in one hour. Handsome Instrument, mahogany-polished Cedar, rosewood pegs. 1/- with order, 2/- on Sat. following receipt of instrument, then 6 weekly payments of 2/- (13/- in all). SEND TO-DAY.

F. HAND & CO., 20, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

BEDDING



Secure the finest quality Bedding on exceptionally Easy Payment Terms. Our Superb Bale contains genuine *Weekly* superfine All-Wool Yorkshire Blankets, weighing 8 lbs., also White Fleecy Blankets, 1 pair Heavy Twill Sheet, 1 Dainty Coloured Alhambra Quilt, 1 Wadded Quilt, 2 Pillow Cases and 1 Bolster Case, all for full-size double bed. Only the best quality Bedding. Other Bedding and Household requisites also on easy payment terms. Send for FREE Catalogue.

From **1/9**

The "B & C" CO.,
Universal Providers,
Dept. J/12) SOUTHAMPTON.

SEND NO MONEY

WRITE NOW

and 6 receive post free our FREE BARGAIN LISTS of the MOST MARVELLOUS BEDDING VALUE EVER OFFERED. Have the "CENTO" BARGAIN BEDDING BALE on FREE APPROVAL—1 pair warm heavy all-wool LAPLAND Blankets, 1 heavy Woolly Underblanket, 1 pair pure white hemmed sheets, 2 pillow cases, 1 bolster case, 1 "Nestor" quilt, 1 Wadded quilt sateen panelled, etc. All double-bed size. EASY TERMS from 1/6 weekly. Satisfaction or money refunded. WRITE NOW!

GEO. SMITH (Clapham Junction) Ltd. Dept. B.B.1 London S.W.11

SPECIAL OFFER

for limited period only

72 SQ FT *for* **15/-**

THICKER THAN LINOLEUM.

Waterproof, Rotproof, and Sanitary. For either Brick, Stone, Concrete, or Wood Floors. Being stainless, a damp cloth is all that is required to clean it. In rolls containing 72 square feet for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata.

All rolls are two yards wide. Send for free samples.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
30, Carter Street, London, S.E. 17.

PAROLEUM

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; How much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C. 4.

STYLISH LOUNGE SUITS

FINEST VALUE IN THE TRADE.

7/6 NOW

Our simple self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply a stylish well-fitting garment.

We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.

Patterns Post Free. Send post card for patterns cut from actual cloth lengths from which suits are made. Prices from 50/-

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

COMPLETE WIRELESS for 33/6

Including TWO PAIRS of Headphones.

Send 3/6 Deposit, and we will send you a Super-Loud Crystal Set, complete with Dav. Coil, 2 Pairs of our Wonder 'Phones, and Aerial Equipment. If perfectly satisfied you complete purchase by sending 10 monthly payments of 3/-. PERFECT RECEPTION OBTAINED ON THIS SET. THOUSANDS IN USE.

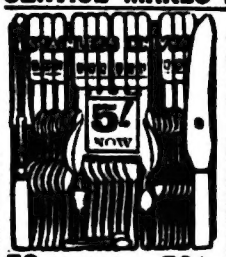
3/6 DEPOSIT.

Dr. SEEPER HEADPHONES, 10/6. Send 3d. Deposit.
Dr. SEEPER DE LUXE LOUDSPEAKERS, 37/6. Send 2/- Deposit.
STERLING 2 Valve LOUDSPEAKER SET complete £12 15s. Send 15/- Deposit.

Latest Catalogue Free, full of Bargains.

THE WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), WIRELESS HOUSE, STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.

THE GRAVES STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.



A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork.

WORLD'S FINEST VALUE.

1 pr D'blo Shear Steel Carvers Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Tble Knvs, and 6 Stainless Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles. Blades can be sharpened to razor-like edge. 2 Tble Spns, 6 Dsert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Tble Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Columbian Silver which is always white

50 PIECES FOR 50/-

TERMS: 5/- now and 5/- monthly. Five per cent discount allowed for cash. Approval in your home.

Write for Catalogue.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

TO LADIES OF GOOD TASTE.

1/- *deposit*, **1/-** *weekly*. *Payable fortnightly or monthly.*

REAL BARGAINS ON EASY TERMS.

Stock nearly exhausted.

LADIES' *lovely Macks, Tweeds and Gabardines.*

GENT'S *Macks, Raincoats, Overcoats with Fleece lining, etc.*

CHILDREN'S *Wigans and Leatherettes, etc.*

FREE. Write for beautifully illustrated Catalogue.

SALISBURY SERVICE CO., Ltd. (Dept. 72), 13, Salisbury Sq., London, E.C.4.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES of LOVELY PATTERNS

81 SQ FT for **15/-**

—the cheapest and best floor-covering in the world—in rolls 2 yards wide. Rot-proof, damp-proof, hard-wearing, easily cleaned. Write for coloured lists.

ARTOLEUM
BETTER THAN LINOLEUM

J. LLOYD'S, 82, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1 Artoleum House,

BLANKETS

Soft, Warm, White Fleecy Blankets.

Good weight. British make.	"Patwyn" brand.	Satisfaction or money returned.
Single bed, 60 x 70 ins.	..	7/11 per pair.
Double bed, 66 x 76 ins.	..	9/11 per pair.
Extra large, 68 x 86 ins.	..	12/11 per pair.

One linen guest towel FREE to all who order 2 or more pairs.

Send order with remittance or C.O.D. instructions to

PATRICK & WYNDHAM HARDING, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 11, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

7/11 Carriage Paid

FREEMANS

Celebrated

SPARE TIME AGENCY

CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men to regular employment appointed as Agents.

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MORE GUARANTEED POSTAL BARGAINS

—ON—
Page 31.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide. Post free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 5, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free. — H. Clegg (Dept. B.), High Street, Manchester.

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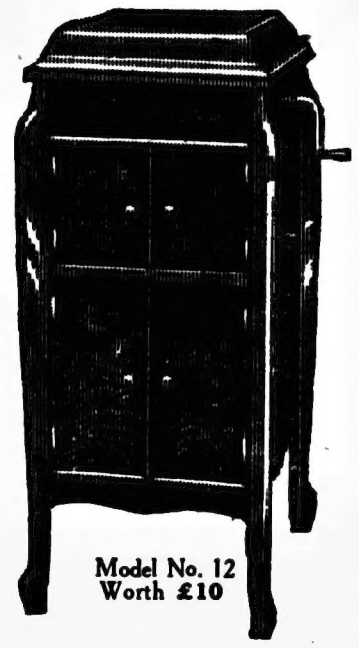

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WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

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FLOOR COVERINGS. The best and cheapest for every room is "Paroleum" supplied by J. B. Andrews & Sons, 30, Carter St., London, S.E.17. Mention *John Bull* and they will send you free samples of newest designs of this hard-wearing, sanitary and damp-proof floor covering (see other advt. on page 4).

GILLETTE Pattern RAZOR BLADES. 10 1/-. POST FREE. Trade supplied.—Scott and Co., 181, Vauxhall Bdge. Rd., London, S.W.1.

A BARGAIN FOR MEN.—Heavy Woollen Pullovers for 4/- each are advertised by Herbert's Stores and as the offer cannot be repeated you should send your order NOW. (See advt. on page 31).

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA DUST, strong liquoring. Splendid flavour. 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

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GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

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"POULTRY," the only paper that matters to those who keep fowls. All Newsagents, Fridays, 2d. Specimen free.—71, Fleet St., London.

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WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass Educational test.—Write, Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Midyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

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RUPTURE CONQUERED. "The Lancet" endorses. Write now for full particulars of a free trial under guarantee of relief or money refunded. BEASLEY'S (DEPT. 8M.), 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

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"ATEKA" GROWS NEW HAIR in 8 days. Stops Hair falling out. Analysed by *John Bull*. 5/- bott.—Ateka Co., 27, Old Jewry, Ldn., E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

HIGHEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Coins, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Post or call.—Bentley & Co., 333, Oxford St., London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

HOBBIES "Triumph" Fretwork Machine Wanted. State condition and lowest price.—Graham, 7, Japan Crescent, London, N.4

FOR MOTORISTS.

TYRES & ACCESSORIES. Easy Terms, 5/- deposit & 5/- weekly up to list price £2; 7/6 weekly up to £4; 10/- weekly over £4. No enquiries.—London Car Co., 43, Villiers St., W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRIMNELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-p. book about herbs and how to use them—2d. post free. Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

AM I IN LOVE? Some tests you can apply. See the striking article on a pressing sex problem in "HEALTH & STRENGTH," 3d. all newsagents, every Wednesday.

GET YOUR BEDDING BALE NOW and be ready for the cold snap. Why shiver in bed when you can obtain everything required for a double bed on free approval. Messrs. Geo. Smith (Clapham Junction), Ltd., supply on the easiest of terms, and their full offer is described in the advt. on page opposite.

Seven, twelve, eighteen, thirty-two, fifty-six . . .

still a wretched ten pounds out . . . . . look like being late again . . . . . shan't get a game of tennis to-night now . . . . . not a cigarette left either . . . . . Robert, slip out and get me twenty Turfs, will you?

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Whenever you want a cigarette, have a Turf. Smoke as *many* as you like as *often* as you like—they never tire the palate. Just try them.

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The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Performance Wanted.

The holiday way back to Westminster has been paved with good words. What's wanted now is work. Ministers have said little about that.

A Mixed Pickle.

The questions of strengthening the Cabinet and the House of Lords have been mixing themselves up rather uncomfortably for the Premier. What complicates the whole matter is the Government's great need of strengthening itself in the country.

Not an Asset.

Lord Cave was the Minister most prominently associated with those Lords "reform" proposals which provoked a Tory revolt in the Commons. Not a few of the Party have been hoping to see Lord Cave—and some others—replaced by men of more popular temper.

A Nasty Pill.

On the other hand, the big push goes on for making the Lords a strong fetter on any future House of Commons. What the moneyed interest is most bent on is to give the Lords control of taxation.

Where?

Within a few weeks a full industrial policy—the fruit of long study by a strong committee—will be put before the country by the Liberal Party. Where is the Conservative policy? Where even is there any Conservative enquiry?

Thinking Peace.

The League declaration that "all war is prohibited" is not to be jeered at as empty words. Behind it is the will of the common people everywhere. Machinery to enforce it will come.

It is Rumoured.

If France and America can make a perpetual peace pact, why not the rest of the world? It is just as easy to make peace as war.

One Hand, One Heart.

From Ireland to Austria, England to Berlin, Scotland, Holland, France, Switzerland, and even Czecho-Slovakia, women co-operators are working for peace. The mothers want a world fit for babies to be born in.

Telling the World.

Merely by publishing the facts the League of Nations can win signal successes. In more than one country the white slave traffic revelations of its investigations are proving a death-blow to "licensed houses" and legalised immorality. Vice and vermin shun the light.

Cry of the Slums.

Housing needs of people able to pay 12s. or 15s. a week are within sight of being met. But the 3,000,000 people living in fever-stricken slums are none the better for that; they can't pay such rents. There's a problem needing fresh ideas.

For Safety.

The cost of rehousing the slum millions (over and above practicable rents) is put as low as £7,000,000 a year. The price of one battleship a year would avert a national danger.

Strange Lethargy.

That the Trades Union Congress devoted only a few minutes to discuss Youth in Industry is amazing. The forthcoming Labour Conference must repair the omission.

Youthful Enthusiasts.

Three hundred and forty-eight boys on one day a week attend the special school at Ancoats opened by Manchester Education Committee for training building trade apprentices. Youth is eager for useful work—when it has opportunity.

Capitalists.

British working-class savings amount to £1,000,000,000, as bank deposits, life and social insurance, and building society deposits. It would pay to solve unemployment.

What's Lacking.

In 1923 the Land Enquiry Committee reported a need of 120,000 houses in rural districts. Since the Armistice 132,226 have been completed. More are wanted, but wages that preclude an economic rent are the chief difficulty.

Pittances.

Agricultural workers' wages for a full week average about 30s. 3d. Just enough for a hearty man's food; for a wife, home and family it's sheer starvation.

Dreariness.

That land workers' lives should be reduced to unlightened toil is disgraceful. That "the life is more than meat and the body more than raiment" should be remembered when wages are fixed.

A Reproach.

"Harvest," declare experts, "is a narrower word in Britain than most countries." It's a pity. We have the labour, and when we get the land we can grow more food.

Intelligence Needed.

"The Big Three," wheat, oats and barley, don't exhaust possibilities. Cattle feed can be grown, and more food means more meat, of the home-grown against the frozen variety.

Heartbreaking.

Unemployment queues lengthen and still good British acres run down to filth and weeds. A blind fool could see the two subjects are related. All that's needed is to embody them in sound legislation.

136 More Cheques for Registered Readers.
SEE PAGE 2.

Sinister Name.

"Winged death" is the name of a new machine designed for coastal defence. Those who ever loose it, in any country, should be the first, and only ones, to suffer it.

The Best Yet.

Matlock's German guns are being sold as scrap-iron, the money to be allocated to widows and orphans of men who were killed. As a method of disposing of war "trophies" it couldn't be bettered.

The Good Hope.

Addington, Surrey, is making experiments with a new garden village. All inhabitants are small-holders. That one man, this year, gathered 1,300 lbs. of black-currants and sold enough to pay his rent proves that land pays, when available.

Other Stocks.

Pigs, poultry, dairies, fruit, flowers and vegetables all come into the Addington scheme. Intensive culture, houses by direct labour and co-operative marketing explain its success.

Canada Calls.

"Secure the wealth of Canada for the British Empire" is a slogan designed to call men and capital overseas. There'll be no trouble to get emigrants if men are assured of work waiting. Unemployment is the present fear.

Wide Planning.

Lattice-steel towers round London, current to every district and far into the country are included in the new electricity scheme. The cost, compared with battleships, is negligible; the benefit incalculable.

Opportunity.

Special provision of electricity for agricultural purposes is expected, a scheme for Scotland is ready, and one for the Midlands is waiting. Only places deaf, dumb and blind to their own interests will consent to be left out.

Good Times Coming.

Cities of the future will blaze with light and possess cheap heat and power. Pleasant conditions all round will make work easier. With industry and good will future prosperity is assured.

Stand, or Deliver.

Last year's tolls on a bridge connecting Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire amounted to £2,268, yielding an 11 per cent. dividend to shareholders. Stay, or pay, is still the rule in some districts.

Haste Urgent.

Rapid closing of footpaths, open lands offered for building, fields and woods withdrawn from public use, are going on all round. Only a nation sound asleep would permit it. Wake up!

"Roundly Condemned."

Conditions of employment in the catering trade are being made the subject of trade union enquiry. That's as it should be. To pay women for a fifty-one-hour week in "wages and tips" is degrading.

Houses Cost.

Up to 200 per cent. dividend on shares in a brick company is promised in a current prospectus. Vendors do well to call them "big profits." They are.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

No Remedy.
Fined 2s. 6d. for drunkenness, George Smedley, of no address, has promised to clear out of Worksop. He needs work and a roof to make him desirable anywhere.

Feathered Trail.
Traced two miles by a trail of feathers, Thomas Keen and Peter Barrington, Leigh miners, had to pay in all £2 15s. for stealing fowls. Poultry is cheaper when it is honestly bought.

The Acid Test.
For selling a butcher boracic acid falsely labelled "Seasoning," Edward Glover, of Hammersmith, was fined £20 with costs. This should remind him not to confuse culinary aids with chemical ones.

Poor Fun.
"It was only a joke. He had no idea the gun was loaded." But since his ill-timed humour cost Ernest Presley, of Whitwell, the serious injury to a friend, he will remember as well as others never to point a gun at anyone.

Very Fishy.
As vendors of two boxes of fish liable to be seized as unfit for human consumption, Stanley Phibel, Ltd., were fined £15 with £10 10s. costs. What a warning against being the object of the cry of "Stinking fish!"

Dangerous Dolly.
The Hull coroner is to bring the question of the danger of celluloid dolls, by one of which Irene Codd, aged thirteen months, met her death from burns, before the Home Office. We hope for a speedy, satisfactory and searching answer.

Suggestions Needed.
There are many better ways of making a living than by stealing bicycles. What Frank W. Narsden and George Alfred Coultas, of Hull, need after their short terms of hard labour is an inducement to try an honest trade.

Sad Choice.
That anyone with the decency of Jack Cohen, of Islington, who refused to ask for the "dole," should have taken to backing horses instead and so come to suicide is a tragedy. Poverty and unemployment are calamities, not crimes.

He's a Man.
There can be no fears that Mr. William Lewis, who at great personal risk jumped in front of an express train to save a blind dog at Barmouth, will fail a fellow-creature in time of stress. We are glad he is still in the land of the living.

Poor Spirited.
Finding that the owner of a burning haystack at Gwersyllt could not afford to pay the charges of an extinction, the Wrexham fire brigade left ten tons of uninsured hay to burn out. We wish justices would make things as hot for these money-grubbers.

The Wrong Job.
We recommend Alfred Bond, the Bishampton schoolmaster, to quit his job if he is again tempted beyond endurance to flog a seven-year-old girl scholar. Remorse and a fine of £2, with £1 7s. 6d. costs, cannot repair the mental harm caused by treating a child worse than a dog.

Money Not Everything.
"I did it for devilment; I can pay," remarked Stanley Tebbutt, of Nottingham, put on three years' probation for damaging a shop window while drunk. We wonder that he should have lived to twenty-eight without realising that cash is powerless to buy good conduct.

Too Old at Forty-eight!
Mr. Arthur R. Blake, of Wallasey, can speak, read and write in ten languages, but although he has had a public school education and has travelled the world over, he cannot obtain a job. He has applied for more than two hundred, but his age of forty-eight seems to be the drawback. Another little job for the Minister of Labour!

Short Sight.
Aged twenty, the acting manager of a branch of a multiple grocery firm in the North of England gets 28s. a week. Satisfactory co-operation between employers and employed is impossible on such wages.

Starving in Plenty.
In a country where more food is bought and prepared than is ever eaten, it is positively wicked that such a woman as Miss Daisy Olive Amor, of Waldersdale, near Chatham, who had but 5s. weekly, should be starved to death. Where is our boast of being Christian?

Unpractical Magistrate.
Too many accidents occur from bicycles not carrying a light for us to agree with Mr. Slater, the Epping magistrate, that to prosecute a youth for such an offence is persecution. We hope the lad whose fine he paid will not take advantage of his leniency.

Leading Somewhere.
In committing George Lyon Denison, of Chelsea, a drug-taker with a terrible financial record, to twelve months' hard labour, the magistrate promised to suggest medical treatment. Any step that takes us nearer the threshold of automatic medical prescription for such offenders is worth taking.

A Sad Pity.
Three months' imprisonment for Gladys Dorothy Hilliard, post-office clerk at Putney, for systematic embezzlement of money passing through her hands will not be the worst of her punishment. That lies in loss of character and knowing that she has helped to lower the prestige of a public service of which the British Isles have always boasted.

The Human Machine

Silent Victory

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

"ONE thing is for ever good," said Emerson, "That one thing is success!"

Most success is easy to see. The man who began life as a collier and ended by being a king of finance; the man who was once a ploughman and is now a great business magnate—that is success for all the world to see.

Did not the late Lord Leverhulme once sleep under the counter in a provincial grocer's shop?

Yet the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Not all who seem to fail have failed in reality. The world only recognises success when it sees the "glittering prizes" handed over to the victor.

It knows nothing of the battles fought within a man's soul; it knows nothing of the struggles to do right, though the temptation to do wrong is almost overwhelming.

There is many a hero whom the world has unthinkingly called a coward.

Sir Walter Scott once summed up this aspect of success in a sentence. "He who, having unlimited power to do evil, doeth good," he said, "deserves credit not only for the good which he does but for the evil from which he forbears."

THE greatest successes in life are the victories a man wins over himself. No one but himself will ever know; the world will have no plaudits for his ears.

But *he* knows—and the man who has fought a silent battle with himself and won has that priceless prize of victory, a peaceful mind.

And if a man can conquer himself, there is nothing that he cannot achieve.

Canary Cruelty.
Harry Hand, fined £2 at Shrewsbury, had packed canaries in cages so small that the birds could not spread their wings. But pocket-punishment is not enough. The Home Office must stop the traffic in birds imported under cruel conditions.

Hard Lines.
Benjamin Dyer, of Senghenydd, must buckle to and pay off his debt of £13 to Rosina Williams, who lodges him. She cannot be defended in pawning his suit for 13s. 6d. to buy food. But as she has to repay the amount to the pawnbroker with a fine of 1s., it is up to Dyer to help her.

Knowledge is Power.
Knowledge and presence of mind in holding together the severed arteries of a boy's leg after an accident saved a life and earned for Fred Cooper, of Harlesden, a gift from the British Red Cross Society. First-aid classes should be part of every school curriculum.

Inviting Instruction.
We compliment the Islington Borough Council on its proposal to invite in turn headmasters of its elementary schools with some of the senior scholars to attend its council meetings. Open demonstration of municipal methods should do much to avert municipal muddling.

Nothing Lost.
Newport scorns the erection of a costly destructor for its refuse which is to be used to increase the level of land at present inundated at high tide. In time an extension to the park will thus appear phœnix-like out of the ashes. So practical a rendering of "waste not want not" deserves high praise.

What a Father!
Earning £2 14s. a week, Arthur Payne, a Monmouthshire labourer, allowed his wife 14s. for food. He has been sent to two months' hard labour for neglecting his three children, who were clothed in "cast offs" from rubbish tips. The guardians should make enquiries for the mother, whom justice has left worse off than ever.

Clever Boys.
Without proper tools, and their bench only a kitchen dresser, two Brixton brothers made a model engine, sold it, bought tools to construct another, embodying in steel in minute detail the best features of main line types. Who dares set a limit to the achievement of brains plus perseverance?

The Will to Work.
A window-cleaner of Blackburn slipped and fell, and unfortunately the accident proved fatal. Directly this became known, no fewer than two hundred men applied for the dead man's job. Again we ask, What have the scoffers to say in the face of such evidence as this? To affirm that men don't want work is a wicked lie.

Curious Leniency.
For beating and kicking his little daughter of twelve so that she had to be taken to Leith hospital, William Wilson, a coloured labourer, was fined at Edinburgh £2 or prison in default. Sheriff Orr is too lenient. Where brutality to a child is in question hard labour, not fines, should be the rule.

"Black Magic."
Mrs. Maud Sarah Collinson, having obtained £97 from Mrs. Parfament, of Hucknall, by pretending secretly to cure the latter's husband of alleged bad habits by magical potions, had the disgrace of seeing her husband obliged to pay over £96 in notes at Nottingham police court in restitution. She is lucky indeed to escape prison, and on a much graver charge.

Friends Wanted.
"I am the loneliest child in the world," sobbed little Hannah Conley, when fire in the flat they occupied over drapery premises in Butcher street, Londonderry, took the lives of her mother, brothers and sisters. To the father in hospital recovering from amputation after a war wound and this lonely child helping hands must gather round. The little girl's cry is a commission.

Unbridled Temper.

"Not one redeeming feature" was the West Ham magistrate's opinion when sentencing Robert William Starling to one month's imprisonment for beating an ass with a steel-lined whip. Yet Starling got his sentence reduced to a fine "because he was father of sixteen young children." We pity children who have such a parent.

Up to Him!

Charged with theft, a trembling seventeen-year-old lad stood in the Chester court. He was saved from the prison cell by Mr. Percy Bould, the man he had robbed, who pleaded for him, and another Great Heart, his employer, who promised to keep him on. The good they did for an erring lad he can repay by going straight.

Bobby's Lapse.

Though he has spent seventeen years as a West Riding police-constable, Edmund Ashworth has yet to learn his duty. It is alleged that he seized a woman by the breasts, dragged her into the road, and assaulted her with his knee. The Bench was of opinion that the assault was proved and fined him 20s. But what an inadequate lesson!

Fatal Lethargy.

The home of a Barnsley family of nine people was one room. Its weekly rent was 15s. Out of their income what was left to the family for food, clothing, health-giving holidays and essential needs was 21s. One of the nine has died. We are glad that Mr. C. J. Howarth, the West Riding coroner, has roused the Housing Committee to its responsibility.

Know Thyself!

The best thing an offender can do is to admit his fault and resolve not to err in the same manner again. This is exactly what Albert Wheeler, a married lorry-driver, of Wandsworth, did when charged with assaulting a Canterbury girl by kissing her against her will. "It was a mean and caddish action," he confessed candidly. To help him bear the lesson in mind, he was fined 55s.

Bitter Temptation.

When a sixty-four-year-old clerk in the Liverpool City Treasurer's department was prosecuted for defalcations, it transpired that his salary was £4 a week. That a man should have such remuneration for handling moneys up to £120,000 a year is a disgrace. Sir Max Muspratt's assurance that "such a tragedy shall not occur again" is good. Elderly servants must not suffer for a city's sin.

Unnatural Ban.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for imposing such a ridiculous restriction on married people." This scathing rebuke was addressed by Mr. Powell, the Woolwich magistrate, to William Condict, of Whitworth Place, Plumstead, who sought possession of two rooms in his house because the tenants had become the parents of a baby. Such unnatural restrictions are unconscionable, and constitute a menace to the country.

Magisterial Levity.

A dentist's bill, and a signed statement by a doctor that teeth were missing and his jaw bruised, have been shown to us by Walter Richard Pursey, of Hertford Road, Enfield, who summoned his neighbour, Corry Christmas Penny, for assault. That the summons was dismissed, one of the magistrates "smilingly remarking" that it saved dentist's fees to have teeth knocked out, is an undignified way of dealing with the matter.

Misplaced Mercy.

Only last May, George Ernest Brown, a farmer, of Perivale, had his motor-driving licence suspended for driving while under the influence of drink. When he again appeared at Ealing on the same charge, he was fined £10 for driving when drunk, £5 for being without a licence, and this was again suspended for another year. If ever a man deserved to go to jail Brown is he, and such misplaced mercy on the part of magistrates is unthinkable.

Cold Sympathy.

"Very sad indeed" was the way in which the Reading Bench described the case of Mrs. Alice Green, who was charged with stealing from her employer. Though in receipt of a small pension, her husband had been unable to work for twelve years owing to ill-health, and the wife had been forced to struggle hard to keep their children. Finally her health broke down. To express sympathy with this poor woman and then to fine her £5 strikes us as a contradiction which amounts almost to mockery.

Too Hole-and-corner.

A cryptic circular letter is being sent out by the Mutual Trading Bureau, of Cobourg Road, Camberwell, S.E. It relates in a vague way to insurance business. "Thousands of pounds," says the bureau, "are waiting to be taken away from the insurance companies and their agents and by refusing to take notice of this letter . . . you prevent us giving you money." The document is appended "The Direction," but bears no signature nor any indication of the individuals behind the bureau. It is too mysterious for our taste.

Fees First.

Some months ago we had occasion to criticise Goodfellow, of North End, Croydon, a kind of "paying guest" agency, who were obtaining guinea fees from landladies who paid in the expectation of obtaining desirable boarders. The principal, M. Bryant, is now advertising from the same address as the "Nursing and Medical Agency." While the advertisements are a little more satisfactory than in the case of Goodfellows, there is still the demand for the guinea fee in advance. That is not stated in the advertisements. It ought to be.

A Mystic Flutter.

An entirely original method of spotting winners has been invented by F. Pearson, Osborne Buildings, Bradford. Trading as the Niori Anglo-Indian Triangular Mystic Talisman Mascot Company, Pearson offers for 5s. a weird-looking charm with a code printed on the back for subseqent use in published race-tips. Solid silver Niori mascots can be had for 10s. and gold ones for 25s. The big idea is that possession of the mascot will enhance one's chances on the course. "Life is still full of the dramatic element of surprise," says Pearson. The human race is also full of mugs!

Publicity by Coupon.

We should not care to reproduce as a model of what an agreement should be that offered by the Universal Publicity Company (J. W. Molland and R. J. Howard), Wellington Street, Leeds, to newsagent clients. The latter pay so much per week in return for a supply of "advertising coupons," which are given to customers who are to participate in prizes for football forecasts. In the agreement, the Universal Publicity Company neglects to mention the prize money or the important matter of guarantees. Since the newsagents are acting as trustees for their customers, we strongly advise a revision of the agreement.

Help Begins at Home.

The editor of the *Writer* produces an excellent paper, full of sound, practical help for struggling authors and journalists—quite invaluable in most ways—but he fails them in one respect. In February of this year, one of our readers sent in an article and was offered a guinea for the same, payable after publication. This was accepted, and the article appeared in the June issue, but, despite application, the agreed fee has never been paid. Such procrastination is surely not in accordance with the paper's avowed policy of helping young authors whose guineas are few and far between. Gentle Editor, as Sir Walter Scott would say, what is wrong?

Who Wants a Tenner?

On page 39, twenty-five £10 notes are waiting for owners. Let us see a good "*Bullet*" from *you* this week!

Problems of Life

Great Men

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A DISTINGUISHED American scholar, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, says there are no great men in the world to-day.

Look where you will, he declares, and in whatsoever sphere, there are no leaders of thought and action to be found who exhibit the authentic marks of greatness.

Sir Oliver Lodge

Mr. Lloyd George said something of the same kind a few years ago.

He gave it as his opinion that neither in statecraft, nor literature, nor science, or the pulpit, were there any men of eminence to-day to be compared with the mighty personalities of an earlier generation.

Where to-day, he demanded, are there men of the massiveness of Gladstone, John Bright, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Carlyle, John Henry Newman, Liddon, Spurgeon?

This was rather modest of Mr. Lloyd George, for he has friends and followers who do not hesitate to say that he himself is possessed of natural abilities that place him in the same rank as some of these giants of the past.

SIR OLIVER LODGE is equally modest. Commenting on Dr. Butler's statement he names several of his fellow-scientists to whom he thinks the epithet "great" may fairly be applied.

Most people would think that Sir Oliver Lodge deserves to be accounted great if anyone does in our time.

It is difficult to know just what the qualities are which constitute greatness.

Was Napoleon great, or Cæsar, or Frederick the Great of Prussia?

If moral worth be a criterion of greatness these do not stand high; but they exhibit in a concentrated form the outstanding qualities of the people they ruled.

Abraham Lincoln was scorned and belittled by the men he worked with, but he represented the heart and will of the American nation better than they did, and time has revealed him to be one of the colossal figures of history.

These facts illustrate an important truth.

A great spirit in a people calls forth great men.

This is what Wordsworth calls correlated greatness.

The Greece of the golden age produced men in whom her genius flowered because her people were intensely alive.

THE soul of England woke up gloriously in Queen Elizabeth's time, and therefore more great men appeared than in any corresponding period before or since.

The reserves of England are not exhausted either in character or mental force.

What we deserve in leadership is what we shall get, neither more nor less.

The level on which we ordinary folk habitually think and feel determines the quality of the men who come to the top.

They are ourselves magnified.

A BOMBSHELL for HOLLYWOOD

FILM COMPANY'S RIDICULOUS CLAIMS

Constance Clears the Air

AFTER years of depression, the British film industry seems about to enter on a period of great prosperity.

Fresh capital is being raised for various ventures, and the prospects of ultimate success for genuine and properly conducted firms are good.

That is not to say that every investment is going to bring a fortune. There is at least one widely advertised new concern which we would hesitate to prophesy will reap a golden harvest in the coming boom.

A flood of Press publicity has heralded the formation of British Masterpiece Films, Ltd., which is said to have in hand an ambitious scheme for the erection of great new studios for the production of super-films.

The guiding genius is a Captain Harry Lambart, "managing director and director-general of productions," who has given the fullest details in Press interviews and sundry circulars.

Tall tales

According to the captain, the studios, which are to be built at Osterley Park on the Great West Road, are to cost a quarter of a million pounds.

They will make Hollywood feel rather cheap, for "the latest modern devices in respect of general lighting effects are being manufactured which will make the equipment far in advance of that utilised in the large American ones."

Only super-films costing about £20,000 to £40,000 will be produced, and Captain Lambart, who has no use whatever for big English stage names, will "make his own stars."

That he is competent to undertake this dazzling duty is clear, if we are to believe his own story.

"Take Reginald Denny," he told one interviewer. "I started him in America on five dollars a day as an extra, and look at him now!"

We are also informed that he has directed such well-known stars as Constance Talmadge, Antonio Moreno, Clara Kimball Young, Isobel Jeans and Earle Williams.

Even Rex Ingram was content to appear in one of his films for a paltry five dollars a day!

Having introduced British Masterpiece Films, Ltd., in this strain, with an aside or two on the lack of punch in British films and the need for "absolutely new talent," Captain Lambart is now waiting for investors to roll up with their money.

Best left alone

We hope he doesn't succeed. We have heard of Captain Lambart before, and, in spite of all this high-falutin' talk of bringing Hollywood to the Great West Road and of his previous feats of film production, we are convinced that British Masterpiece Films, Ltd., under its present direction, is best left severely alone.

If social connections spelt infallible financial success we should say nothing, for Henry Godfrey Radolph Lambart, to give him his full baptismal name, can claim kinship with some of the highest in the land.

British Masterpiece Films, Ltd., we have discovered from a search of the files at Somerset House, is really a new name for a moribund concern called Franco-British Films, Ltd., which was formed in 1923.

This company faded out of the film world without having made any name for itself in picture production. The

Mr. W. F. Husband, Vice-Chairman of the British Motion Pictures Association, who advocates a central film enquiry bureau from which authentic information can be obtained

authorised capital was £131,250, but only seven preferred ordinary shares were actually issued and fully paid up.

The blunt truth

Linked up with Franco-British Films, and having the same address in Piccadilly, were two concerns called the B. M. F. Syndicate, Limited, and an unlimited company called British Masterpiece Films, which was really a trading name for Lambart himself.

A number of ex-officers with whom Lambart got into touch paid money into the syndicate. One parted with £1,500, another £850, and a third £750.

In the newly-named company, Captain Lambart is to be appointed managing director for life at a salary of £2,500 a year—exclusive of special fees—and is also to be allotted 62,500 deferred shares, as fully paid, in return for agreeing to act as the company's producer.

If Lambart were all he claimed to be there might still be hope. He might have been merely unfortunate in his last venture. A producer who has directed such well-known stars as those whose names he has given might do wonders with a £250,000 studio.

But the blunt truth is that people of standing in the film world who have had previous experience of this gentleman would not have anything to do with the scheme.

Miss Constance Talmadge and Mr. Reginald Denny have already protested against the use of their names. The former emphatically states that Lambart has never directed or even appeared in any of her films.

All that she knows of him is that he worked in the same studio in which her films were made in New York.

Mr. Denny denies point-blank that he was "discovered" and started on his career by Lambart.

Is he the great film producer he claims himself to be? The British film world replies in the negative.

It is true that he produced some films in America in the early days, when the polished technique of production was not what it is to-day, but—when did he produce his last film?

Promise and Performance

One was a picture which, produced at Nice in 1919 under Lambart's direction, turned out to be a fiasco. It was so bad in fact that it could not be shown to the trade as made by him.

The producing company lost money, and terminated its engagement with the captain forthwith.

A year or so ago the same Captain Lambart was the leading light of a concern called the Lambart Films, Limited, which had its headquarters in Regent Street, W.

On paper, Lambart Films, Ltd., was formed to do all sorts of things in the film world. In effect, however, it had a very brief career.

After being put into compulsory liquidation by a firm of film publishers in Wardour Street, it was finally wound up by Mr. H. E. Burgess, the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy.

If, in spite of it all, the public decides to back British Masterpiece Films, Ltd., we can suggest quite a number of excellent plots based on the life story of Captain Harry Lambart himself.

Moving pictures

What about the "Brutal Bailiff" for a start off? A reel or two of harrowing scenes in Piccadilly, when an unsympathetic landlord seized all the property in the Lambart offices for a substantial amount of rent outstanding, would be a moving sight for the investors.

So would a few close-ups out of a string of county court judgments made against Lambart in the past few years for large and small amounts.

On efirm of house decorators, for example, obtained one against him for £75 against an account for touching up a sumptuous flat in Mayfair.

But, best of all, would be a study of a certain caretaker to whom Lambart owes the modest sum of £3, registering sorrow and disgust that a real aristocrat should treat him so shabbily.

What a Council!

Despicable Meanness

IF, as is often said, a community gets the government it deserves, then Warminster is not a town it would be nice to visit.

It is natural to judge a town by the actions, mean or otherwise, of its councillors and the Warminster Urban District Council has just decided to throw on to the scrap-heap a man who is within a few months of his old-age pension and who has served the council and the community faithfully for fifty-four years.

Frank Bush entered the service of the local authority when he was fifteen.

A bitter task

That he proved himself trustworthy is shown by the fact that he was gradually advanced until he became overseer of all the workmen employed by what was then the local board. That position he continued to hold for forty years.

Then, in January, 1925, his status was reduced. Unfortunately for Mr. Bush, his old surveyor had resigned the previous month and the council seized the opportunity to make a further change.

Mr. Bush was given the bitter task of showing his successor the ropes. After that, although the council apparently judged him to be too old to be a foreman, he was given work which would have been heavy for a far younger man.

As it happened, the old man had had to be operated on in 1909 for a rupture caused by the lifting of a bag of cement.

The heavy work to which he had to return in his old age caused the former rupture to break out and another appeared on the other side. He was then sixty-eight. The doctor refused to operate.

For nine months he was laid aside, and this, combined with the worry caused by his reduction in status, undoubtedly played on his constitution.

Back at work again at Easter, 1927, he was put to painting lamp-standards when bitter winds were blowing and was soon down with bronchitis.

Returning at Whitsuntide, he was apparently giving full satisfaction when the council decided that he must go—within a few months of his old-age pension!

Thrown on the scrap-heap

Such a dismissal after such a long and faithful service is despicably mean. Mr. Bush never grudged his services day and night, week-day or Sunday, whenever the town needed them.

Now the town throws him on the scrap-heap without a thought for his declining days.

It is not only monetary loss the old man must bear, but also the mental anguish caused by his dismissal.

Fifty-four years' faithful service. A record without a blemish. And, at the end, the scrap-heap! What a council!

WELL-KNOWN SOLICITOR DENOUNCED

CLIENT'S AFFAIRS IN CHAOS

A Master of Arts and Craft

THE occasions, happily, are comparatively rare on which we have to deal with cases of clear dishonesty in the legal profession.

A solicitor, on being articled and certificated, automatically becomes an officer of the Supreme Court of Justice. His responsibilities are great.

When he not only ignores these responsibilities, but stoops to frauds, he is guilty of a much more serious offence than the commercial defaulter.

What are we to say of Edwin Arthur Mallett?

A solicitor of twenty-two years' standing, Mallett has latterly conducted his practice from commodious offices in Theobalds Road, London, W.C., and from a branch office in Finchley Road, N.W. He has lived in some style at Hampstead.

He is a man of distinction, being among other things a Master of Arts, a Doctor of Laws, and a Bachelor of Civil Law.

His practice has been extensive, and one would have thought that he was a person to be trusted implicitly, not only as a lawyer of parts, but as a man of honour.

Patience gives out

There has been a sad disillusionment in store for many people. Complaints are now being launched against him by clients who have entrusted their affairs to him and paid him substantial fees, but who have been unable to obtain satisfaction.

One gentleman, for example, engaged Mr. Mallett to recover for him a sum of money due from a certain source. The solicitor took the course open to him and, it has since transpired, persuaded the debtor to pay him the money due on behalf of his client, a sum of £200.

But he did not pass it on to his client and, in fact, the latter was ignorant of the fact that the affair had been settled so easily. As time passed and there was no sign of the money, he began to press Mr. Mallett.

He was put off with all kinds of excuses until finally he lost patience.

Poor consolation

Having been informed of the startling fact that the money had actually been paid, he took action on his own account, and had sufficient information against the solicitor to obtain a warrant for his arrest on a charge of fraudulent conversion.

That is as far as he has been able to go, for Mr. Mallett is not to be found at Theobalds Road. He has gone elsewhere, leaving his staff without salary and his landlord without rent.

Enquiries at the Finchley Road branch and at the private address in Hampstead are of no avail. Mr. Mallett has vanished.

The Mallett affairs and those of his clients in consequence are in a state of chaos. Anxious enquiries have been received from all parts as to what is likely to happen to the various cases which he has had in hand

It is not much consolation to know that, at this late hour, the Incorporated Law Society and the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy are now investigating. How much is likely to be recovered?

Apart from clients who have unsettled claims against Mallett in respect of matters of a general nature, he has far some years been concerned with the flotation of certain companies which have ended in disaster.

At one time, a notorious company promoter, who was responsible for the victimisation of a number of house-seekers, actually occupied a room in Mr. Mallett's office, in order, no doubt, that he could be kept in close touch with him on matters of law.

One of these companies failed for nearly £17,000, and during its existence Mr. Mallett received £8 a week as a retaining fee, together with a commission on loans made to the company, plus 5 per cent. commission on all shares that were placed, directly or indirectly, through his influence.

This was, indeed, a handsome remuneration to come from a man who had been behind one company crash after another, and Mr. Mallett might have known that the presence of such a person in his, a solicitor's, office was only adding to the chances of victims being more easily caught.

Serious offences

One firm, for instance, supplied one of the dud companies which Mr. Mallett sponsored with goods to the value of over £200.

The fact that it was then being operated from his own office carried a recommendation which was not borne out in fact. After the goods had been delivered, the account remained unpaid, and is to this day.

Other companies, in the formation of which Mr. Mallett acted as solicitor, have also gone into liquidation with heavy liabilities.

In the course of official enquiries into his affairs, it has come to light that moneys received for and on behalf of his clients have been mixed with Mr. Mallett's own money and used for business purposes.

Mr A H Coley, President of the Law Society, which is investigating the case of Mr. Mallett.

It is, of course, an offence for any solicitor not to keep a separate banking account for his own cash.

Moreover, it is a more serious offence still for a solicitor to resort to funds which he knows full well, as Mr. Mallett knew, were not his.

He should not escape giving a full and complete explanation of his strange conduct by the simple measure of running away and placing himself in hiding.

The law demands that, in the case of an ordinary citizen who misuses other people's money, he should be made to answer for it.

In the case of this very shady lawyer, the Law Society should endeavour to find him without delay and compel him to break his silence or pay the price.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST

IMMIGRANT'S PATHETIC EXPERIENCE

WE confess we are in a quandary. Does Australia want immigrants from this country or does she not?

A curious and really pathetic case has just been brought to our notice. The case is but one of many.

After a most satisfactory service in the British Army, Mr. H. J. Tucker emigrated from this country to Australia about five years ago. He was one of many who succumbed to the persuasive publicity issued by the Australian Government.

Good progress

He landed at Fremantle. After many vicissitudes "up country," he joined the Postmaster-General's Department as a temporary motor-driver. In less than a year he was promoted to acting-driver-in-charge.

This position was no sinecure. He received a little over £5 a week and was responsible for equipping every G.P.O. vehicle in Western Australia.

He had fifteen drivers in Perth under him who operated about twenty vehicles, ranging from three-ton lorries and trailers to ten-hundred weight clearance vans.

But he was only on the temporary staff! We wonder what the permanent staff did to justify its position.

A set-back

About two years after his promotion, he saw a Government notice in one of the newspapers stating that an examination would be held in which the successful candidates would qualify for the permanent staff.

As Mr. Tucker had, in the meantime, married an Australian girl and hoped to live for the rest of his life in the country, he applied to sit for the examination.

He received a charming, if upsetting, reply from the Deputy-Director of the General Post Office. It ran:

"With reference to your communication, I have to inform you that as you are not a returned Australian soldier, the Public Service Act precludes your candidature at the forthcoming examination for an appointment on the permanent staff as a motor-driver.

"I may add that you have performed the duties of a temporary motor-driver and acting-motor-driver-in-charge in a most meritorious manner, and it is with much regret that I am compelled to *discontinue the services* of such a highly efficient officer as yourself."

This, after all, is poor consolation. "Australia Wants Men!" We seem to have heard this cry. Does it want "highly efficient men," though?

Nothing Doing.

Before giving up the fight this splendid soldier—even if he was not a "returned soldier"—beseeched every possible authority to reconsider his case. The letters he received from them were most complimentary. But there was nothing doing.

Disgusted and determined to have nothing more to do with the country, Tucker has returned to England.

Out of his savings from £5 a week he managed to pay the £37 passage, and he has come back here armed with some of the finest testimonials it has ever been our good fortune to see.

As soon as he finds a position his Australian wife will join him.

Scandalous red-tape

Thus, a men-hungry young country has managed to get rid of a man and a woman of the type that makes lands wealthy.

We are not aware that any Australian soldier, returning to his motherland, is boycotted by our laws. We should be sorry to think so—and yet, we are not by any means calling out for settlers.

In our opinion, this law is quite out of accordance with the Australian Government's immigration policy and is nothing more nor less than a scandalous piece of red-tape.

We think intending settlers should be warned of this state of things before risking all "down under."

A WEIRD CLUB

VERY STRANGE PROCEDURE

An Impossible Service

WHEN persons are invited to join a club and certain benefits are promised, they expect to receive them. When it is stated that these are impossible, complications must ensue

A READER of JOHN BULL has sent us some interesting literature from the "National Playgoers' Club," which has offices in process of completion in Quadrant Arcade, Regent Street.

The printed letter introducing the circular explaining the objects of this club states that "it points the way to a substantial saving on your entertainment expenditure."

The letter then goes on to say: "As your name appears in our list of 'Persons interested in Playgoing,' I am instructed to send the enclosed special application form."

The reader who received this letter says that there is not the slightest reason why his name should appear in any list to which the promoters of this concern have access, and that this sentence at once made him dubious about the scheme.

Enticing project

The club offers to book seats for its members for any West End theatre and charge no booking-fee, and further adds that when, by its "block" purchases, it obtains tickets at "wholesale" prices, members will be able to book such tickets at *from one to five shillings less than standard prices.*

The circular then goes on to say that: "Through the co-operation of West End producers, whose view is that they benefit by this organisation as much as members, the N.P.C. is able to book seats for *some of the best of the current West End plays* at the substantial reductions mentioned."

The circular concludes by saying that "the annual subscription is ten shillings only, which may be the amount saved on your *first* booking."

This rosy prospect of cheap theatre seats is well calculated to induce people to sign the "special application form," which entitles membership at the introductory subscription of only 5s.

Being curious to know why managers of theatres where successful plays are running should be willing to sell seats at reduced prices, we made enquiries through Mr. Louis Casson, the secretary of the Stage Guild.

A desperate course

Mr. Casson had never heard of the National Playgoers' Club. He expressed the opinion that no theatre manager in his senses would sell seats for successful plays at reduced prices and, even in the case of an unsuccessful play, he doubted whether any West End manager would accept so desperate a course.

A meeting was called of the West End members of the managers' section of the Stage Guild. The seventeen theatre managers who attended this meeting emphatically stated that no authority whatever had been given to the National Playgoers' Club to say that blocks of theatre tickets could or would be obtained at reduced rates at any of their theatres, nor were they able to ascertain the name of any West End manager who had been given such authority.

They desired to inform the public that tickets at their theatres would only be obtained at advertised prices.

Further enquiries made by us at a number of other West End theatres have produced nothing but corroboration of the statements made at this meeting.

Mr. Percy Hutchinson, the well-known actor-manager, Chairman of the Managers' Council of the Stage Guild

It appears that the National Playgoers' Club has assumed its ability to give a service to members which it obviously is not, at any rate for the present, in a position to perform.

The founder of this "club," a Mr. J. S. Barrington, has made various statements to the Press supporting the claims made in the club's circular to members.

When pressed, however, to name one West End theatre where he had been able to make even tentative arrangements for "block" booking, he has declined to do so.

Bad impression

We are a little surprised that the National Playgoers' Club should solicit subscriptions from prospective members until its scheme was absolutely cut and dried.

One of the chief objections made by theatre managers to the efforts being made to secure subscribers is the circulation of a list of over thirty leading theatres, on which new members of the club are asked to mark off the plays they have seen and those they wish to see.

Mr. Barrington's idea appears to have been to discover groups of people who want to see certain plays on certain days, and armed with this valuable information to try to drive a bargain with the box-offices of the theatres concerned.

From the point of view of the playgoers, this might appear to be an excellent co-operative idea. It is even feasible that the public might have been willing to support Mr. Barrington in his experiment, to the tune of 5s. per head.

We feel that it is unfortunate that a bad impression of this scheme should have been created through discretion having been so sadly outrun by zeal and enthusiasm.

A MISS FOR BLISS

THE HOUSE AD. TRICK

Braidley's Fee Raids

THE house-shortage continues, and so does the business of bogus house-agents. They find it profitable to carry on. When fees are asked in advance it is well to exercise carefulness

WHEN will the police have a thorough round-up of the bogus house-agents who are infesting London and the provincial cities?

Thousands of house-hunters during the last year or two have been robbed by these fee-snatching sharks and complaints have been duly lodged. Yet still the rascals flourish.

The latest to come to our notice is Douglas Claud Braidley, who, for some time, has been trading as Bliss and Bliss, of 145, High Holborn, London. Recently he has had a partner in the business.

Braidley, a native of the North Country, still in the early thirties, has worked a peculiarly impudent ramp with considerable success.

As a general rule, he has set out to obtain a £2 fee for his alleged services in securing rooms. When clients have demurred, he has accepted a smaller sum.

But, whatever the figure paid, the result has almost invariably been the same—disappointment for the house-seeker, with no return whatever for the fee.

Inevitable fees

In June last, for example, a widow with three children read this advertisement in a newspaper: "Three rooms, bath, with electric light, to let. 14s. a week. Fifteen minutes from town.—Bliss and Bliss, 145, High Holborn."

The house was just what she required and she wrote to High Holborn. In reply she received a personal visit from Mr. Braidley, who stated he was the agent for the owners, but that a £2 fee would be necessary.

This the widow declined to pay. Braidley then suggested that perhaps the rooms advertised would not suit in view of the three children, but that if the widow would pay him 5s., he would find her accommodation within a week. This was given him.

In a few days he returned and demanded another 15s., the excuse being that his partner refused to accept a smaller fee than £1. The widow borrowed the money and paid.

Subsequently, Braidley persuaded her to pay the £2 originally demanded, and she was given the address of a house. On calling, the owner denied all knowledge of Bliss and Bliss or of Braidley.

Blasted hopes

The rooms had been advertised in a housing weekly, from which Braidley had simply taken particulars.

The widow complained and was given another address. Precisely the same thing happened.

She thereupon asked for the return of her money, but could get no satisfaction.

Other victims received the same treatment.

One client even received an assurance from Braidley that all houses were carefully investigated by him to see that they were free from vermin, etc., before they were placed on the books of Bliss and Bliss!

Armed with two "orders to view," this client, having parted with £2, set out full of hope. He was speedily disillusioned.

Other bait

One flat had been taken a fortnight previously and, in the second case, there were only furnished apartments offered. At neither place was anything known of Bliss and Bliss.

Not satisfied with the easy profits gained by his bogus "orders to view," Braidley aimed at another class of dupe.

Three months ago he advertised for a partner on a basis of a £250 investment, in return for which there would be £5 salary and half the profits.

A young man with more capital than caution called to discuss the proposition.

Braidley, he states, produced what appeared to be audited books of accounts, showing that the affairs of Bliss and Bliss, "estate and business transfer agents," were in a thriving condition.

The profits he understood to amount to £800 a year. The opportunity seemed too good to miss and he paid a deposit of £30 on the spot.

Next day he returned with the balance of the investment, less some £30 which Braidley generously consented to waive, and an agreement was signed.

From the very first week the new partner's suspicions were aroused owing to the number of dissatisfied callers who complained that they had failed to find flats in return for their deposits.

Rotten return

By the end of the month, he was disgusted and wished to dissolve the partnership. Braidley informed him that this could not be done as there was no more money in the firm!

When the junior partner demanded an account of how the money had been spent, various items were mentioned, but, with the exception of the telephone bill, he has failed to find confirmation of any payments.

His salary was stopped at the end of three weeks, so that, in all, he has received as his share of the "excellent opportunity" £15 in return for his £220 investment.

The profits alleged to be £800 a year never materialised, although, by this time, he is satisfied that, whatever these amounted to, they were not made honestly.

That being so, the sooner Mr. Braidley is forced to explain himself to the proper authority the better. It is time an example was made of the flat-rampers.

BOGUS MONK'S ASTOUNDING EXPLOITS

A FAMOUS MISSION UNMASKED

"Brother Francis" Falls Down

CONSIDERABLE envy must have been aroused lately in the ranks of the bogus charity-mongers by the exploits of a picturesque person who calls himself "Brother Francis, the Franciscan Monk."

For resource and sheer audacity he has left the best of them leagues behind.

He appeared some time ago at an address in Vauxhall Bridge Road, which is in the shadow of Westminster Cathedral, attired in a romantic clerical garb, which included sandals and red buttons.

Tall and attractive, with a pleasant Irish voice and manner, he became an object of interest to the people of that neighbourhood.

He claimed to be a kind of free-lance Franciscan whose mission in life was to dispense charity to the poor and outcast.

Sometimes he carried a box for the receipt of alms; sometimes he didn't, although he would never refuse a gift offered in a genuine spirit of charity.

Frantic appeal

For immediate publicity purposes he distributed handbills headed "Servant of the Poor" and containing an appeal for "Help—in the name of God." The wider public was reached by means of Press interviews and an advertisement in a famous daily paper.

The advertisement stated that a "well-wisher" invited the readers of the paper "to co-operate with Brother Francis in the real humanitarian work which he is doing for the unfortunate 'down and outs' on the Thames Embankment."

Donations rolled in, and "Brother Francis" could be seen of a night on the Embankment dispensing charity, though to what extent is a secret that has not yet leaked out.

Pious and plausible

Even a saint must live and, if he has rooms in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, pay for his rent, and the law makes no stipulation as to the proportion of money collected that must be passed on. "Expenses" with no limit are a legitimate charge.

None suspected the good faith of the "friar," except, perhaps, the Westminster Cathedral authorities, who refused his request one day to say Mass, owing to his failure to produce satisfactory references.

His story was generally accepted. It was, according to the *Universe*, the official Roman Catholic journal, that his name was Bernard Francis Lynch, and that his birthplace was Drogheda.

He varied this with the statement that he was born at Ardee, County Louth, but the contradiction was not discovered until later.

He said that he entered the Franciscan Order as a brother and was ordained by the "Rev. Dominic Dolan, Vicar-General of the Order," in 1925.

Although there was no Vicar-General of the Franciscans at that time, and a Vicar-General would not have the power to ordain in any case, this was not known to the average Roman Catholic, far less the average Protestant.

Even the Catholic Evidence Guild, the famous propagandist body, had "Brother Francis" on its platform one Sunday afternoon in Hyde Park!

We ourselves, prompted by a most excellent authority, had a paragraph mentioning the Embankment mission without reference to the qualifications of "Brother Francis."

If we were caught napping, we were at least in good company!

The plausibility of this "Servant of the Poor" was never better illustrated than in this appearance on the Catholic Evidence Guild platform.

He held the audience spellbound, and one prominent member, a former candidate for Parliament, was so impressed that he invited the "Brother" to have tea in a near-by restaurant.

Unsaintly record

The latter told him that he was due to say Benediction at a famous convent, but before leaving said grace in a loud voice in the restaurant. He returned to the gentleman's house for supper, when he offered to say a Mass for him.

The host, who was by this time a tiny bit suspicious, declined the priestly offer.

Now for some further facts concerning the career of "Brother Francis." He was born, as he stated

"Brother Francis"

on one occasion, in Ardee, County Louth, though that is neither here nor there.

Early in his career he was taken into the Church, not as a priest-to-be, but in the humble capacity of pantry-boy in a Jesuit monastery.

Later he became a postulant in a London monastery, but left there before the war and has had no official connection with the Roman Catholic Church since that time.

At the moment, "Brother Francis" is not courting publicity. He has disappeared from his London address, and is understood to meditate a campaign in the provincial cities. We promise him a cold reception.

A Fine Tribute

WE have received a moving letter from Germany, the contents of which will be read with interest and sympathy.

It is from a solicitor of Landsberg am Lech in Upper Bavaria, announcing the death of Mrs. Gwenddydd Rupfle, the wife of Dr. Joseph Rupfle of that town, and herself a lady doctor.

It transpires that Mrs. Rupfle, the daughter of the late Sir Hubert Herkomer, the famous British artist, was one of the many quiet supporters of our "Greatest of These—" Fund.

The solicitor now asks us to claim the sum of 400 marks (£20) which she has left to the fund.

Mrs. Herkomer-Rupfle had recently enrolled as a pupil of an art school, but before she had completed her course the director received news of her death.

On suggesting a return of a portion of her fees, he was asked by her mother, Lady Herkomer, to give the money to the fund which "she thought much of."

We appreciate the tribute that has been paid to ourselves and our readers.

The British Legion

Lord Mayor's Poppy Day Relief Committee of Liverpool

IN our issue of September 10, under the heading "British Legion Mystery," we published an article relating to the affairs of the Liverpool Branch of the British Legion.

In the course of the article we stated that the Lord Mayor's Poppy Day Committee was in no way representative of the British Legion whose funds it administered, and that the funds it was called upon to administer were not administered in the best interests of the ex-Service men in Liverpool.

In connection with this same article we issued a bill entitled "British Legion Funds Mystery." It has been pointed out to us that the article was based on information which was both incomplete and inaccurate, and that the bill in question suggested there was some undisclosed and irregular state of affairs in relation to the funds of the British Legion, and the way it was being administered, both at its headquarters in London and in Liverpool.

We wish to express our sincere regret that we should have printed and published the article or have issued a bill which was at all capable of bearing such an interpretation.

We are well aware that the British Legion funds are fairly and properly administered by the Legion at headquarters, and we had no intention whatever of suggesting anything to the contrary.

We wish to make it quite clear, too, that the suggestion that the Lord Mayor's Committee in Liverpool was not representative of the ex-Service men and might not administer the funds committed to its care in a proper and impartial manner is entirely without foundation.

The committee in its formation, constitution and administration had, from the outset, and still has, the full approval of the British Legion headquarters in London. All the branches in Liverpool were consulted before the scheme was originally put forward, and by a large majority approved.

We beg to tender our sincere apologies to each and every member of the Lord Mayor's Committee for the misrepresentations and inaccuracies as to their administration which the article contained, and which, of course, should never have been made.

IN our issue of September 10, under the heading "British Legion Mystery," we stated that Mr. H. Mercer, who is a member of the Lord Mayor's Poppy Day Relief Committee of Liverpool, had not served with His Majesty's Forces.

We hasten to inform our readers that Mr. Mercer joined up in August, 1914, and served in the West Lancashire Territorial Royal Engineers until June, 1919.

He was overseas with the 55th Division during the whole of its fighting existence, was mentioned in despatches, and was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* by H.M. the King of the Belgians.

Since his demobilisation Mr. Mercer has devoted practically the whole of his time to the welfare of the ex-Service men in Liverpool.

We beg to apologise for having printed and published such an incorrect statement concerning him; and further to express to him our sincere regret that we should have published any words in the article which might be construed as meaning that he was not still working in the best interests of the ex-Service men of Liverpool.

"John Bull's" Great Scheme to help Traders

Over £700 in Cash Prizes for Window Displays

IN a leading article the Editor sounds a clarion call to every shopkeeper to "sell more goods." Ever to the fore in every movement for the country's welfare, JOHN BULL now tells every shopkeeper how he may successfully sell more goods and also pocket a substantial prize into the bargain.

The Scheme in a Nutshell.

JOHN BULL, which goes into over a million homes every week, has proved over and over again to be one of the finest advertising mediums in the world. Goods which will be found advertised in its pages are household words in almost every home in the land. They are good goods backed by JOHN BULL'S guarantee, and they are well worthy of the support of our readers.

What we wish every shopkeeper to do is to select any one line of articles advertised in JOHN BULL in any issue between October 1 and December 31, 1927, and make a Window Display of that line for a period of *not less than one week* during the above period.

To the shopkeepers whose displays in the opinion of the judges, are the most striking and original the following prizes will be awarded: First Prize, £500 and a Gold Medal; Second Prize, £100 and a Silver Medal; Third Prize, £50 and a Bronze Medal; Fifty Prizes of One Guinea each; and One Thousand Diplomas of Merit.

The Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals, which are being awarded to the winners of the first three prizes, are intended for the employee who actually assisted in dressing the window.

There is no entrance-fee. The conditions are simplicity itself. You simply arrange for a photograph to be taken of your window display and send the photo to JOHN BULL.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM.

To "John Bull" National Window Display Competition, Dept. J.B.1, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me full particulars of the "John Bull" Window Display Competition. I am a bona fide trader and attach my billhead, card or business notepaper.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Description of Business.....

Date.....1927.

1.10.27. J.B.

Everyone stands an equal chance.

We wish to impress upon all Competitors that everyone stands an equal chance in this great Competition. The village shopkeeper will have the same opportunity of carrying off one of the big prizes as will the proprietor of a big West End store. Ideas and originality will win the prizes—not just lavish display.

Another important point: A large display is not necessary. You may decide to devote only a part of your window to the Competition, and if so, your chances of a big prize are equally good provided that the "idea" is there.

Attracting Readers to your Window.

Every shopkeeper who enters for this competition is provided with a special JOHN BULL STAR to affix to his window. Our readers are asked to look for windows with the JOHN BULL STAR, and, as announced elsewhere, a weekly prize of £5 is being offered to the public for the best description received on a postcard of Window Display entered in this competition.

The following prizes, medals and diplomas are being awarded in "John Bull's" Great National Window Display Competition.

FIRST PRIZE

£500

and Gold Medal for the Window Dresser.

SECOND PRIZE

£100

and Silver Medal for the Window Dresser.

THIRD PRIZE

£50

and Bronze Medal for the Window Dresser.

50 PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH.
1,000 DIPLOMAS OF MERIT.

The above will be awarded for the Best Window Displays featuring branded articles advertised in "John Bull" between October 1st and December 31st, 1927. There is NO Entrance Fee.

Compete as many times as you wish.

We invite every shopkeeper to look through the advertisement pages of JOHN BULL during the next three months and select suitable lines for Window Displays. The advertised goods in this issue are all eligible window displays in connection with this scheme. Remember if you want to enter more than once during the period of this scheme, there is nothing to prevent your doing so.

Take the first step To-Day.

Enter your name for JOHN BULL'S great Window Display Competition to-day. Upon receipt of the Entry Form on the left full particulars will be sent to you, free and post free, by return. ACT AT ONCE.

The Family Health.

The choice of good wholesome food, properly cooked, does more than anything to maintain the family in robust health. Doctors advise more suet puddings. With "ATORA," the good wholesome Beef Suet, sold ready shredded to save your time, you can make puddings, dumplings, etc., quickly and at small cost. For to-day try this simple recipe for dumplings. Prepared in 5 minutes, cooked in 15 minutes.

The best way to make Dumplings.

2-ozs. "ATORA" Shredded Suet.
4-ozs. Flour.
½-teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Make the dough with sufficient moisture, divide into small balls, and roll well in flour. Put the dumplings into the soup, stew, etc., when it is at simmering point, about 15 minutes before it has finished cooking. But take care it does not go off the boil when the dumplings are put in.

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

contains no preservative.

At all Grocers, in 2d. packets and 1-lb., ½-lb., and ¼-lb. cartons. Write a post card to-day for our free Recipe Booklet.

HUGON & CO., LTD., *The originators of Refined Beef Suet,* MANCHESTER.

3281

IT is both alarming and sinister that the War Office displays a callous disregard for civilian rights. When it threatens to destroy the few remaining beauty-spots and breathing-spaces of the people, it is time that a national protest was called forth

A Wicked War Office Plot

by **The EARL OF MIDLETON, K.P.**

PUBLIC departments, as, I understand, readers of JOHN BULL are not for long permitted to forget, appear to have an almost unrivalled capacity for running their heads against stone walls, and in this respect the War Office, which has hitherto—on occasion—shown a rather wise discretion, now appears desirous of achieving an unenviable prominence.

The ordinary, sensible person would have thought that the authorities would have taken warning from what happened at Lulworth Cove and elsewhere, but then authorities do not always act as sensible persons, hence the connection between heads and stone walls.

Lulworth Cove is a beauty-spot thousands love to visit year after year. The Admiralty proposed to deprive them of that pleasure, but in doing so quite forgot to reckon with the force of public opinion. The Admiralty had to more or less gracefully withdraw from an untenable position.

Now it is the turn of the War Office authorities, who propose to attach the Surrey commons to Aldershot for the use of the troops.

Cold-blooded proposal

May I remind you that our Army is small? I will venture to say that it is, in my opinion, alarmingly small. I do not think it is generally realised that we cannot to-day mobilise a force that will be equal to two-thirds of that "contemptible little Army" we sent across to France in 1914.

I have no desire to deny this rather attenuated force all necessary facilities for training. There are few people who have any such desire. To so handicap our troops would be unworthy of a great—and rich—nation.

But Surrey happens to be one of the most crowded counties in England, and we all know that big battles do not take place among houses.

And we all know, also, that sham fights—the manœuvres by means of which troops are trained—held in small areas bounded by gardens and cultivated ground are, to put it quite bluntly, a farce.

The War Office controls huge training-grounds on Salisbury Plain and in Yorkshire, and yet the authorities in Whitehall calmly—cold-bloodedly—propose to annex three thousand or four thousand acres of common land which are intersected by private grounds at every point.

It is not, however, the unsuitability of the ground as a training area that is rousing public opinion. It is the fact that, in order to secure a quite unsuitable training ground, the authorities are willing to sacrifice the amenities of a whole district.

They are proposing to annex what is the recreation-ground of the many thousands of people, of all classes, to whom the area means healthful enjoyment, and who look upon the value of the Surrey commons as being without measure and above price.

Impossible declaration

Let me point out here that Surrey has already surrendered 8,000 acres, a ten-mile stretch of heath in the Bagshot-Chobham neighbourhood, to the Army authorities.

It is a great pity that Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Secretary of State for War, did not study the neighbourhood at first hand before piously declaring, as he did recently in a letter to the M.P. for the district, that "the object in acquiring the commons is to preserve them in their present condition."

Had he done so he, as a reasonable man, would have phrased his letter very differently. Of that I am quite sure.

It is difficult to imagine how any sane person can believe that a permanent training-area can be maintained in its original condition. Look at the history of Aldershot.

Surprising the general

Aldershot, of course, dates from the Crimean War. Up to forty years ago it was a collection of ill-built huts. It was most emphatically not a very popular station, but it did offer facilities for the training of troops.

The late Mr. Stanhope, when Secretary for War, 1886–92, replaced the wooden huts by brick buildings and also succeeded in adding largely to the amenities of the station.

A few years before this, Aldershot had a Commander-in-Chief whose sometimes picturesque and always vigorous language was regarded as phenomenal even in the old Army at a time when men usually refrained from calling a spade an ordinary spade. I merely quote the story as an illustration of the regard in which Aldershot was then held.

The Commander-in-Chief had been handing out a selection of his choicest and strongest expletives to a colonel who had made some blunder or other, and he ended up by declaring that "Your regiment, sir, performed that manœuvre so damnably that you'd better march it to hell!"

The general was surprised to see the colonel apparently take him at his word. The regiment began to file off the ground, and when an aide-de-camp went galloping after it to remonstrate, its commanding officer told him, quite calmly, "I was ordered to march my regiment to hell. The North Camp is the nearest approach to hell I know of."

Appalling picture

It is quite true that the Aldershot of to-day is luxurious compared with the Aldershot of 1876, *but the manœuvre area is ten times worse.* That is the point!

The ground which is now threatened—the Surrey commons—has heather which will compare with any Scottish hills, gorse which reminds one of Cork or Kildare, trees in abundance, ornamental waters, grass drives and shady nooks.

Ought this beautiful stretch of country to be condemned to the fate which has overtaken the area to which it is proposed to annex it? Must the commons become even as Aldershot?

The many square miles of ground the Army already dominate are, alas! now bleak and bare. There are long stretches of burned heather, the product of carelessness or of deliberate firing. There are tracks fifty yards wide transmuted by tanks and artillery into rivers of mud in winter and which, in summer, are canopied by the dust-clouds which rise up from them.

The vegetation is, of course, sparse. The area looks to be a true workmen's quarter; businesslike indeed, from the military point of view, but hardly attractive to picknickers or to motor-cyclists halting for an hour's repose.

Nor is this all. For weeks past the newspapers have been overworking the blessed word "mechanisation." The Army is being mechanised. Tanks and aeroplanes are becoming increasingly necessary—almost the most necessary—features of war.

Then there are the tractors for dragging the guns along, six-wheeled machine-gun wagons, heavy motors for the transport, and so on.

The result of this increasing mechanisation of the Army is that one single morning's work across country cuts common ground to ribands or churns it into mud. There is also the danger of the commons being fired.

The Earl of Midleton, K.P.

Plain duty disregarded

In one day's manœuvring over some of the very ground that is now threatened when, a few years ago, it was lent to the military authorities by its owner, a huge commons fire, started by a careless smoker, was fed by many hundreds of blank cartridges which had slipped out of the men's pouches.

Such accidents are inseparable from the military activities of large bodies of men, and that is why I would press upon the attention of the Secretary for War, what surely ought to be obvious enough, that such sacrifices ought to be imposed upon areas of waste ground. They certainly ought not to be exercised to the destruction of beauty-spots.

Government departments ought to have an especial and jealous regard for the amenities of the people they are supposed to serve. Where and when they fail in this respect they deserve the sharp reminder which I hope they will get over their attempted piracy of the Surrey commons.

The need of the day is for more recreation-grounds. Our big towns are miserably provided with the breathing-spaces which offer opportunity to youth for exercise and health. Our youths are everywhere—save at the best schools—crying out for space for manly sports.

Doomed to failure

Next to deficient or defective housing, deficiency in the number of "health resorts"—places in which the people can get air and exercise—comes first as a provocative of Socialism and unrest.

I wonder that Ministers of the Crown do not look at the question in that light, for if they did they would hardly permit the War Minister to filch the commons either in Surrey or anywhere else where the people need them.

Not that I think that the War Office will succeed in carrying through its plans. Sir L. Worthington-Evans would be well advised to take warning before it is too late.

A proposal which unites in opposition to it such men as Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Philip Snowden, the Warden of New College, with the Commons Preservation Society and all the neighbouring landlords and occupiers, as well as all lovers of the countryside and of the open, is doomed to failure.

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IN a leading article the Editor sounds a clarion call to every shopkeeper to "sell more goods." Ever to the fore in every movement for the country's welfare, JOHN BULL now tells every shopkeeper how he may successfully sell more goods and also pocket a substantial prize into the bargain.

The Scheme in a Nutshell.

JOHN BULL, which goes into over a million homes every week, has proved over and over again to be one of the finest advertising mediums in the world. Goods which will be found advertised in its pages are household words in almost every home in the land. They are good goods backed by JOHN BULL'S guarantee, and they are well worthy of the support of our readers.

What we wish every shopkeeper to do is to select any one line of articles advertised in JOHN BULL in any issue between October 1 and December 31, 1927, and make a Window Display of that line for a period of *not less than one week* during the above period.

To the shopkeepers whose displays in the opinion of the judges, are the most striking and original the following prizes will be awarded: First Prize, £500 and a Gold Medal; Second Prize, £100 and a Silver Medal; Third Prize, £50 and a Bronze Medal; Fifty Prizes of One Guinea each; and One Thousand Diplomas of Merit.

The Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals, which are being awarded to the winners of the first three prizes, are intended for the employee who actually assisted in dressing the window.

There is no entrance-fee. The conditions are simplicity itself. You simply arrange for a photograph to be taken of your window display and send the photo to JOHN BULL.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM.

To "John Bull" National Window Display Competition, Dept. J.B.1, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me full particulars of the "John Bull" Window Display Competition. I am a bona fide trader and attach my billhead, card or business notepaper.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Description of Business.....

Date.....1927.

1.10.27. J.B.

Everyone stands an equal chance.

We wish to impress upon all Competitors that everyone stands an equal chance in this great Competition. The village shopkeeper will have the same opportunity of carrying off one of the big prizes as will the proprietor of a big West End store. Ideas and originality will win the prizes—not just lavish display.

Another important point: A large display is not necessary. You may decide to devote only a part of your window to the Competition, and if so, your chances of a big prize are equally good provided that the "idea" is there.

Attracting Readers to your Window.

Every shopkeeper who enters for this competition is provided with a special JOHN BULL STAR to affix to his window. Our readers are asked to look for windows with the JOHN BULL STAR, and, as announced elsewhere, a weekly prize of £5 is being offered to the public for the best description received on a postcard of Window Display entered in this competition.

The following prizes, medals and diplomas are being awarded in "John Bull's" Great National Window Display Competition.

FIRST PRIZE

£500

and Gold Medal for the Window Dresser.

SECOND PRIZE

£100

and Silver Medal for the Window Dresser.

THIRD PRIZE

£50

and Bronze Medal for the Window Dresser.

50 PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH.
1,000 DIPLOMAS OF MERIT.

The above will be awarded for the Best Window Displays featuring branded articles advertised in "John Bull" between October 1st and December 31st, 1927. There is NO Entrance Fee.

Compete as many times as you wish.

We invite every shopkeeper to look through the advertisement pages of JOHN BULL during the next three months and select suitable lines for Window Displays. The advertised goods in this issue are all eligible window displays in connection with this scheme. Remember if you want to enter more than once during the period of this scheme, there is nothing to prevent your doing so.

Take the first step To-Day.

Enter your name for JOHN BULL'S great Window Display Competition to-day. Upon receipt of the Entry Form on the left full particulars will be sent to you, free and post free, by return. ACT AT ONCE.

The Family Health.

The choice of good wholesome food, properly cooked, does more than anything to maintain the family in robust health. Doctors advise more suet puddings. With "ATORA," the good wholesome Beef Suet, sold ready shredded to save your time, you can make puddings, dumplings, etc., quickly and at small cost. For to-day try this simple recipe for dumplings. Prepared in 5 minutes, cooked in 15 minutes.

The best way to make Dumplings.

2-ozs. "ATORA" Shredded Suet.
4-ozs. Flour.
½-teaspoonful Baking Powder.
Pinch of Salt.

Make the dough with sufficient moisture, divide into small balls, and roll well in flour. Put the dumplings into the soup, stew, etc., when it is at simmering point, about 15 minutes before it has finished cooking. But take care it does not go off the boil when the dumplings are put in.

3288

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

contains no preservative.

At all Grocers, in 2d. packets and 1-lb., ½-lb., and ¼-lb. cartons.
Write a post card to-day for our free Recipe Booklet.

HUGON & CO., LTD., *The originators of Refined Beef Suet,* MANCHESTER.

IT is both alarming and sinister that the War Office displays a callous disregard for civilian rights. When it threatens to destroy the few remaining beauty-spots and breathing-spaces of the people, it is time that a national protest was called forth

A Wicked War Office Plot

by The EARL OF MIDLETON, K.P.

PUBLIC departments, as, I understand, readers of JOHN BULL are not for long permitted to forget, appear to have an almost unrivalled capacity for running their heads against stone walls, and in this respect the War Office, which has hitherto—on occasion—shown a rather wise discretion, now appears desirous of achieving an unenviable prominence.

The ordinary, sensible person would have thought that the authorities would have taken warning from what happened at Lulworth Cove and elsewhere, but then authorities do not always act as sensible persons, hence the connection between heads and stone walls.

Lulworth Cove is a beauty-spot thousands love to visit year after year. The Admiralty proposed to deprive them of that pleasure, but in doing so quite forgot to reckon with the force of public opinion. The Admiralty had to more or less gracefully withdraw from an untenable position.

Now it is the turn of the War Office authorities, who propose to attach the Surrey commons to Aldershot for the use of the troops.

Cold-blooded proposal

May I remind you that our Army is small? I will venture to say that it is, in my opinion, alarmingly small. I do not think it is generally realised that we cannot to-day mobilise a force that will be equal to two-thirds of that "contemptible little Army" we sent across to France in 1914.

I have no desire to deny this rather attenuated force all necessary facilities for training. There are few people who have any such desire. To so handicap our troops would be unworthy of a great—and rich—nation.

But Surrey happens to be one of the most crowded counties in England, and we all know that big battles do not take place among houses.

And we all know, also, that sham fights—the manœuvres by means of which troops are trained—held in small areas bounded by gardens and cultivated ground are, to put it quite bluntly, a farce.

The War Office controls huge training-grounds on Salisbury Plain and in Yorkshire, and yet the authorities in Whitehall calmly—cold-bloodedly—propose to annex three thousand or four thousand acres of common land which are intersected by private grounds at every point.

It is not, however, the unsuitability of the ground as a training area that is rousing public opinion. It is the fact that, in order to secure a quite unsuitable training ground, the authorities are willing to sacrifice the amenities of a whole district.

They are proposing to annex what is the recreation-ground of the many thousands of people, of all classes, to whom the area means healthful enjoyment, and who look upon the value of the Surrey commons as being without measure and above price.

Impossible declaration

Let me point out here that Surrey has already surrendered 8,000 acres, a ten-mile stretch of heath in the Bagshot-Chobham neighbourhood, to the Army authorities.

It is a great pity that Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Secretary of State for War, did not study the neighbourhood at first hand before piously declaring, as he did recently in a letter to the M.P. for the district, that "the object in acquiring the commons is to preserve them in their present condition."

Had he done so he, as a reasonable man, would have phrased his letter very differently. Of that I am quite sure.

It is difficult to imagine how any sane person can believe that a permanent training area can be maintained in its original condition. Look at the history of Aldershot.

Surprising the general

Aldershot, of course, dates from the Crimean War. Up to forty years ago it was a collection of ill-built huts. It was most emphatically not a very popular station, but it did offer facilities for the training of troops.

The late Mr. Stanhope, when Secretary for War, 1886–92, replaced the wooden huts by brick buildings and also succeeded in adding largely to the amenities of the station.

A few years before this, Aldershot had a Commander-in-Chief whose sometimes picturesque and always vigorous language was regarded as phenomenal even in the old Army at a time when men usually refrained from calling a spade an ordinary spade. I merely quote the story as an illustration of the regard in which Aldershot was then held.

The Commander-in-Chief had been handing out a selection of his choicest and strongest expletives to a colonel who had made some blunder or other, and he ended up by declaring that "Your regiment, sir, performed that manœuvre so damnably that you'd better march it to hell!"

The general was surprised to see the colonel apparently take him at his word. The regiment began to file off the ground, and when an aide-de-camp went galloping after it to remonstrate, its commanding officer told him, quite calmly, "I was ordered to march my regiment to hell. The North Camp is the nearest approach to hell I know of."

Appalling picture

It is quite true that the Aldershot of to-day is luxurious compared with the Aldershot of 1876, *but the manœuvre area is ten times worse.* That is the point!

The ground which is now threatened—the Surrey commons—has heather which will compare with any Scottish hills, gorse which reminds one of Cork or Kildare, trees in abundance, ornamental waters, grass drives and shady nooks.

Ought this beautiful stretch of country to be condemned to the fate which has overtaken the area to which it is proposed to annex it? Must the commons become even as Aldershot?

The many square miles of ground the Army already dominate are, alas! now bleak and bare. There are long stretches of burned heather, the product of carelessness or of deliberate firing. There are tracks fifty yards wide transmuted by tanks and artillery into rivers of mud in winter and which, in summer, are canopied by the dust-clouds which rise up from them.

The vegetation is, of course, sparse. The area looks to be a true workmen's quarter; businesslike indeed, from the military point of view, but hardly attractive to picknickers or to motor-cyclists halting for an hour's repose.

Nor is this all. For weeks past the newspapers have been overworking the blessed word "mechanisation." The Army is being mechanised. Tanks and aeroplanes are becoming increasingly necessary—almost the most necessary—features of war.

Then there are the tractors for dragging the guns along, six-wheeled machine-gun wagons, heavy motors for the transport, and so on.

The result of this increasing mechanisation of

The Earl of Midleton, K.P.

the Army is that one single morning's work across country cuts common ground to ribands or churns it into mud. There is also the danger of the commons being fired.

Plain duty disregarded

In one day's manœuvring over some of the very ground that is now threatened when, a few years ago, it was lent to the military authorities by its owner, a huge commons fire, started by a careless smoker, was fed by many hundreds of blank cartridges which had slipped out of the men's pouches.

Such accidents are inseparable from the military activities of large bodies of men, and that is why I would press upon the attention of the Secretary for War, what surely ought to be obvious enough, that such sacrifices ought to be imposed upon areas of waste ground. They certainly ought not to be exercised to the destruction of beauty-spots.

Government departments ought to have an especial and jealous regard for the amenities of the people they are supposed to serve. Where and when they fail in this respect they deserve the sharp reminder which I hope they will get over their attempted piracy of the Surrey commons.

The need of the day is for more recreation-grounds. Our big towns are miserably provided with the breathing-spaces which offer opportunity to youth for exercise and health. Our youths are everywhere—save at the best schools—crying out for space for manly sports.

Doomed to failure

Next to deficient or defective housing, deficiency in the number of "health resorts"—places in which the people can get air and exercise—comes first as a provocative of Socialism and unrest.

I wonder that Ministers of the Crown do not look at the question in that light, for if they did they would hardly permit the War Minister to filch the commons either in Surrey or anywhere else where the people need them.

Not that I think that the War Office will succeed in carrying through its plans. Sir L. Worthington-Evans would be well advised to take warning before it is too late.

A proposal which unites in opposition to it such men as Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Philip Snowden, the Warden of New College, with the Commons Preservation Society and all the neighbouring landlords and occupiers, as well as all lovers of the countryside and of the open, is doomed to failure.

Presentation Picture

THE VIKING—Sea raider—sea rover of the North. One of the race of Canute, wisest and best of the Danish kings.
An art plate, free from advertising matter and mounted for framing, of the original drawing of The Viking by Septimus E. Scott, R.O.I., will be sent free of charge on receipt of a wrapper from a bottle of Wincarnis and three penny stamps for postage and packing. Address as below and mark envelope *The Viking*.

The Spirit to Conquer

There are tasks and trials, responsibilities and worries all of us must face daily. The courage and fortitude that Wincarnis inspires are needed as much in these little every-day adventures as in big campaigns and great achievements.

A constant succession of little troubles and petty worries may well intimidate the stoutest heart and impair the stoutest constitution. Don't yield to depression and fatigue — meet your difficulties bravely with the help of Wincarnis.

Keep Wincarnis always at hand this winter time. Wincarnis strengthens when strength is failing, stimulates when nerves are tiring, cheers when spirits are falling. Its warming, comforting influence is like a burst of sunshine on a winter's day. Wincarnis warmth and vitality will help you to resist influenza and the chills and colds of the winter season. There's grape-stored sunshine in every glass of Wincarnis. Its influence is immediate and lasting—health-giving and health-sustaining.

TESTED JB

Wincarnis
The GOOD Tonic Wine

Large Size 5/8; Medium Size 3/3; from all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers & Licensed Chemists.

Send for Free Sample Bottle

So confident are we that you will find Wincarnis both beneficial to your health and agreeable to your palate, however exacting, that we extend to you and every reader of this newspaper an opportunity to test Wincarnis at our expense.

To Messrs. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd. (Dept. 20)
WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

PLEASE send me a sample bottle of Wincarnis, for which I enclose 4d. stamps for postage and packing. (Please write clearly and use a sealed 1½d. stamped envelope.)

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *County* E79/Allens

You will not come across any stubborn time-wasting patches if you use a good shaving soap rubbed directly on to your face.

Pears'
Shaving Soap

Specially Made to Soften Beards

TESTED JB

GOLDEN STICK 1/3 SILVER STICK 1/-
(U.K. only)

P88 16-84

·FREE·

TWO

Cadbury

½ lb. blocks

For 16 Red coupons from

BOURNVILLE COCOA

TESTED JB

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT: Attach the required number of coupons to this form and post to GIFT DEPARTMENT, CADBURY, BOURNVILLE.

For 16 Red Coupons

○ ½ lb. block Cadbury's Milk Chocolate
½ lb. block Cadbury's Nut Milk Chocolate
or
○ ½ lb. block Bournville Chocolate and
½ lb. block Bournville Fruit & Nut Choc.

For 20 Red Coupons

○ Gift Box (in metal) of Cadbury's Chocolates
or
○ 1 lb. Box of Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates
or
○ Jug, Whisk and Measure

IMPORTANT NOTE
Only above advertised packings can be supplied

IMPORTANT
Place X in circle against gift required

Six Yellow equal four Red Coupons

This offer applies to the United Kingdom and Irish Free State only.

Full Name and Address (in block letters) _____

See the name 'Cadbury' on every piece of chocolate.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Foreign Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—Your appeal to the Press of the world "to contribute by every means at its disposal to the consolidation of peace, to combating hatred between nationalities and between classes as the greatest danger to peace," must not be lost sight of. The way must be prepared for moral disarmament. One thing that would help would be the abolition of tariffs. Business enmity is always a forerunner of war. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD LAMBOURNE, G.C.V.O., Audley Square, W.

MY LORD,—Opening an exhibition of flowers grown in London's most unlikely streets, you revealed the fact that the pleasure of the whole show was that these gems of Nature were grown for the delight of growing them and not for profit. It is true that we are a Nature-loving and a garden-loving people. That fact makes it all the more cruel that more and more is the people's land being locked up to a few. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., Unity House, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—Your plea for active help to the League of Nations to create a peace psychology has my whole-hearted support. As you say, it is impossible to discuss war without a feeling of horror and shame. Mankind is, however, learning better. It has no use for warmongers any more. You doubt if civilisation could survive another war. Bluntly it is not a matter for doubt. It is a certainty. It could not. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. the LORD BISHOP of CARLISLE, Rose Castle, Carlisle.

MY LORD,—I agree with you that as a race gardeners are very estimable. As a boy you took a prize at a flower show—for turnips. You secured them out of an adjacent farmer's field! This proves that many a boy who goes to prison only wants a better chance and he might become a bishop. Gardens for all might do more for morality than all the police force. JOHN BULL.

To Professor F. T. G. HOBDAY, C.M.G., Royal Veterinary College.

DEAR SIR,—I agree with your view that a great proportion of tuberculosis prevalent in children is due to infected milk, wherefore I welcome the proposed combine between doctors and veterinary surgeons for the purpose of freeing cows from this disease. I trust that the devoted efforts of scientists will soon put a lasting check to this devastating scourge. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor GEORGE CATCHPOOL, Mayor of Bermondsey.

DEAR SIR,—You do not think it well that 90 per cent. of the children in your district must make their playground outside their own backdoors, nor do I. Playgrounds and playing-fields are necessary for childish welfare, and children must be got off the streets where they are in instant peril of their lives. May you speedily raise the £5,000 you have set out to get. It is a modest sum and could not be used in a better cause. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ALFRED NOYES, Secretary, Master Bakers' Protection Society.

DEAR SIR,—In your futile effort to excuse the present price of bread, you say that the public do not care for frequent fluctuations in the cost of this vital food. When the movement is in the right direction, they do, every time, and to argue otherwise is either unadulterated hypocrisy or downright imbecility. You say also that the people always get a fair deal. Not to be too impolite, I write that down as a deliberate terminological inexactitude. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman H. E. DAVIES, Chairman, Liverpool Baths Committee.

DEAR SIR,—I am interested that in one of your baths mixed bathing is discontinued because, "since the novelty has worn off," there is no demand. It is a lesson to the prudes. The more Mrs. Grundy shouts the more she is defied. Liberty has many advantages, even in the cause of morality. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. CHARLES GORE, D.D., Margaret Street, W.

RT. REV. SIR,—When more Christian leaders show like broad-mindedness to yourself, then will the Church begin to regain its hold upon the masses. Early chapters in Genesis and such Biblical stories as those of Enoch and Daniel will never henceforth be accepted as history, you insist, and you rightly refer to these as specimens of the story-teller's art. Those who seek to support religious dogma at the expense of science are doing the Church a grave ill-service. JOHN BULL.

To Commander E. J. SPOONER, D.S.O., Royal Dockyard, Gibraltar.

DEAR SIR,—I am informed that when you caught a thirteen-year-old boy, the son of Constable Carroll, hiding a tennis-ball with the intention of keeping it, you ordered the youth to be thrashed by his father in your presence. I hear that the Workers' Union is demanding a full enquiry by the Acting Governor, and I hope the matter will also be investigated by the Admiralty. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. T. P. STEVENS, A.K.C., St. Matthew's Vicarage, New Kent Road, S.E.

REV. SIR,—Literary agents who prey upon the public should ruthlessly be exposed. You tell of a Sunday-school teacher who sent up work in response to the advertisement of one of those impudent tricksters, who replied asking for £80 towards publishing expenses. When this was not forthcoming, the amount gradually came down. Sharks who mislead tyros in the hope of getting their money are a disgrace to an honourable profession. JOHN BULL.

To BAILIE COLE, Motherwell.

DEAR SIR,—You have never yet sent anyone to prison although you have tried many cases, especially juveniles. Your way with first offenders is to treat them to a fatherly sermon on the benefits of "playing the game" and the lack of profit brought by wrongdoing. Your probationers seldom trouble the police a second time, a splendid testimony both to your humanity and your methods. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ALEXANDER KNIGHT, Fisher Street, Broughty Ferry.

DEAR SIR,—To save one life is a proud achievement, yet you have just effected your twenty-sixth rescue. When Eric Mitchell, a schoolboy, fell from the pier into the Tay, you launched a boat and succeeded in bringing him ashore when tragedy seemed inevitable. It is such men as you, who deal in heroism on a wholesale scale, to whom our poets should turn when searching for inspiration. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. PHILIP KERR:—"To set up the State as organiser and director is to follow the path of tyranny from Rome to the Soviet."

The State—i.e., the Government—represents its electors. People who permit tyranny deserve it.

* * *

MR. A. J. COOK:—"As far as Great Britain is concerned we are on the high road to damnation."

No one knows better than you that Great Britain has politely declined to take the high road to damnation!

* * *

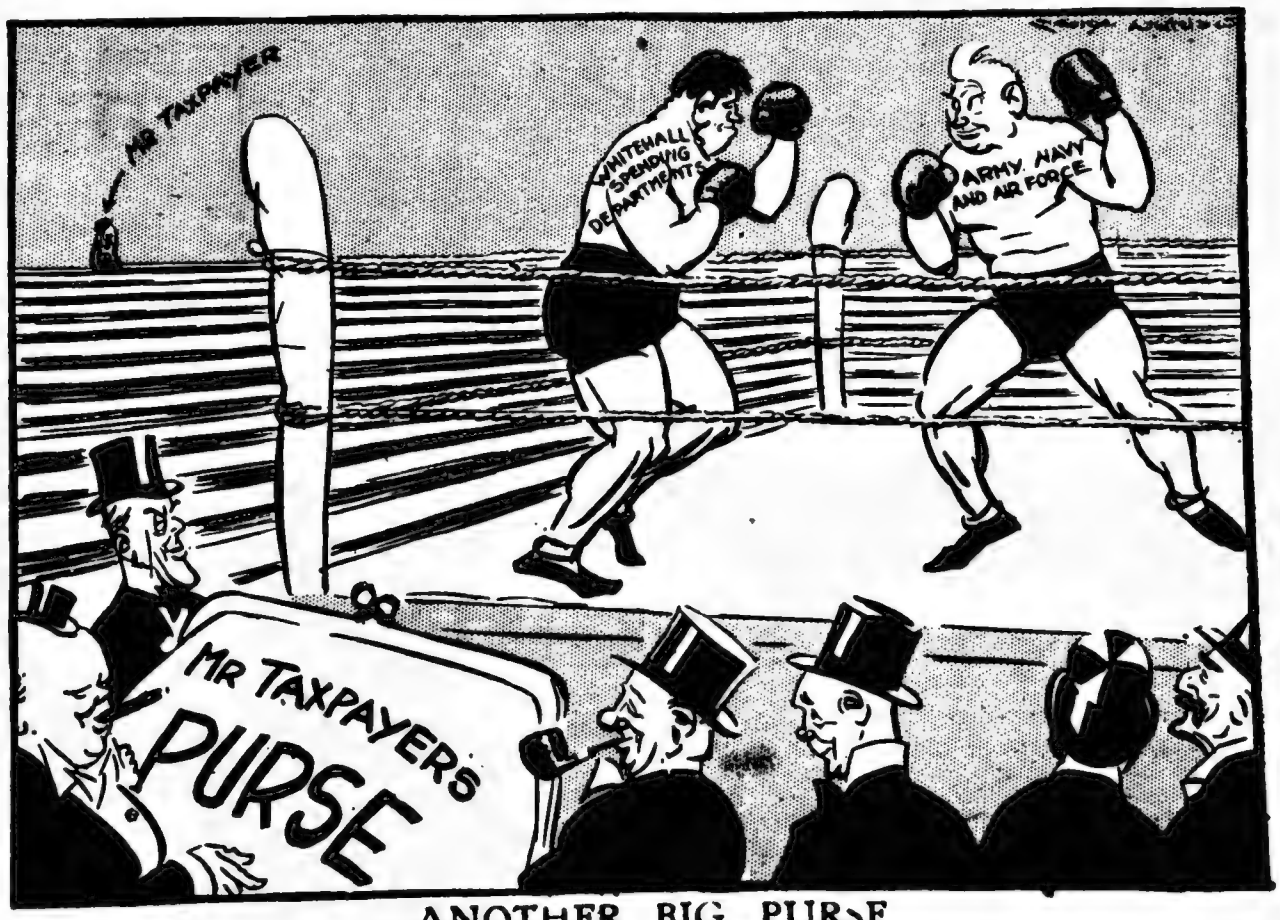
SIR GEORGE PAISH:—"Never has the world been so deeply in debt."

Nor so hindered and hampered in its attempts to get out of it.

* * *

MR. A. BARRATT BROWN:—"I do not believe in a year you would meet more than a handful of healthy, happy, mentally alert people."

Pessimistic nonsense. Thousands of people are healthy, happy and mentally alert.



ANOTHER RIG PURSE

A GIFT FOR MEN

This Genuine Silver-plated GILLETTE Safety Razor

with full-sized 1/6 tube of PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

FREE

Buy this

and get this FREE

MEN! Here's a remarkable gift offer you won't want to miss.

To-day, step into any one of the thousands of shops that feature this offer—buy a tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream at the regular price—1/6—get a genuine silver-plated Gillette Safety Razor absolutely FREE.

This extraordinary offer can last but a few days. Men by the thousands will flock to get their Palmolive Shaving Cream and gift razor. Only ONE to a customer. Don't put off getting yours.

What you get—5 unique advantages of Palmolive Shav ng Cream

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a scientific creation. We worked 18 months to perfect it; made up and discarded 130 formulas before we hit the right one.

In 5 distinct ways, this unique preparation excels over all others. It has won millions of men from old-time preparations.

1. *It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.*
2. *It softens the beard in one minute.*
3. *The lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.*
4. *The extra strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting, where weak bubbles let them fall down.*
5. *The blend of palm and olive oils brings fine after effects. It makes the cream also a lotion.*

Accept TO-DAY

Now to win you over to a trial, we make an offer which we believe is the most remarkable any manufacturer ever made to gain a fair trial for his product.

In your interest and in ours, please accept it to-day. Go now to one of these shops. You'll thank us for the gift—and for the new shaving comforts our cream offers you.

TESTED JB

Act to-day
This remarkable offer expires soon

More Enjoyment from Smoking

HAVE you ever suffered from a dry parched throat which comes from continuous smoking? Then take a package of Wrigley's and see how cooling and refreshing to the mouth and throat the delicious flavours are. Your whole system is toned up by the use of Wrigley's after every smoke.

For sportsmen the use of Wrigley's is a necessity—it gives that little bit of pleasure which adds to your vim. And at the same time your digestion will benefit by the flow of gastric juices caused by the use of Wrigley's.

It is good for the kiddies, too. Watch how Wrigley's keeps their teeth clean and improves their appetites.

WRIGLEY'S

1p PER 4 PIECE PKT.

JW

EH 10.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

A BOOST FOR BRITISH TRADE

SOMETHING PRACTICAL AT LAST

"John Bull" Shows the Way

DESPITE Mr. Winston Churchill's optimism trade is not good, It has apparently not yet dawned on the political mind that trade is fundamentally a question of buying and selling. The more goods that are bought, the more will those who make the goods require to employ more and more men in their manufacture.

The firm belief of JOHN BULL has always been that if trade in this country were sufficiently organised and sufficiently stimulated, many of our problems would fade into insignificance.

We muddle along year by year and we make no really definite attempt to explore to the uttermost ways and means of selling our goods to our own people.

We turn envious eyes on America, where the creation of customers has become a national science, but we do not endeavour to emulate those methods here.

JOHN BULL believes that a great deal can be done by an intensive effort in that direction, and we have therefore decided to do it.

From now to the end of December we are embarking on a great national campaign to link up advertising and selling, in the confident belief that the result will be a big stimulus to trade.

WE have, in other words, inaugurated a National Window Dressing Competition, since it is obvious that customers cannot be expected to buy what is not brought to their notice.

If we can, as we believe we can, increase sales it is clear that manufacture will also be automatically increased. If manufacture is increased there will be more demand for employment, and a consequent diminution of unemployment.

We do not expect to perform miracles, but we do expect that the result of our efforts will be to point the way to a revival of British trade.

We invite every shopkeeper in the country to participate in our campaign, since our National Window Dressing Competition is simple and cannot fail to benefit both the shopkeeper and his customers.

The conditions are merely that shopkeepers should select any branded article or commodity advertised in JOHN BULL and display it in their windows for a period of not less than one week. Such windows must bear for the period of the display a "J.B. star," which we will provide.

Lastly, all the shopkeeper has to do is to submit a photograph of his display to the JOHN BULL Window Display Competition Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SO long as the goods are sound and of a reasonable price, so long as they are backed up by a guarantee of integrity such as any advertised goods in JOHN BULL bear, there will never be any difficulty in selling them.

We want in this campaign the co-operation of both shopkeepers and public. So far as the shopkeepers are concerned, we are offering a first prize of £500 with a gold medal for the window dresser; a second prize of £100 with a silver medal for the window dresser; a third prize of £50 with a bronze medal for the window dresser, as well as numerous other prizes.

So that our readers may also co-operate with us in making this attempt to stimulate trade, we are going to award each week a prize of £5 for the best description, given on a post-card, of the most attractive JOHN BULL window display in any district in the country.

The full particulars of JOHN BULL'S National Window Dressing Competition will be found on page 14, and we invite the earnest attention of every reader to it.

It is no use merely talking about depressed trade. The time has come when something practical has got to be done, and JOHN BULL feels that this is at least one way in which it can help to set the ball of prosperity rolling once more.

The rest is up to you. We look for, and believe we shall obtain, the hearty co-operation of everybody in our effort.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., K.T., who has on more than one occasion urged England to "Wake up!"

HAVE WE? No, We Haven't!

TAKEN in all, public speeches made in this country receive a fair amount of attention, although prominence is not always given to the more important expressions of opinion.

That is why we hark back to a speech made by Mr. George Hicks at a conference of the National Labour Housing Association recently held in Edinburgh.

Mr Hicks, as Chairman of the T.U.C., is the official voice of organised Labour, and that is why his words are worth pondering when he declares:

"It is an amazing thing that we should tolerate and placidly accept the housing conditions now prevailing in Britain. Cool reason condemns these conditions as wantonly cruel and utterly stupid, and one wonders that flaming passion does not drive us to do something desperate."

This, from a quiet man, means more than a campaign of noise and threats from a noisy agitator. It means that working men and women are tired of slums.

They do not see why horrible slums should exist in Westminster under the shadow of Big Ben. They think it silly that on fair countrysides human beings should stifle in foul hovels not fit for pigs.

"If," said Mr. Hicks, "we can afford to squander millions on military and naval adventures, we can find the money for housing purposes. We have the money, materials, a plentiful supply of skilled labour, and *we have the land.*"

In that last sentence Mr. Hicks went wrong. We have not got the land, and that is the root of the whole trouble. Why Labour does not concentrate on this is a puzzle.

The housing problem will never find a satisfactory solution until the land is freed.

THE PURVEYORS OF POISON

Our Dangerous Diet

"PURITY of food at all costs" was the slogan of the Grocers' Exhibition held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

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A GIFT FOR MEN

This Genuine Silver-plated GILLETTE Safety Razor

with full-sized 1/6 tube of PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

FREE

Buy this

and get this FREE

MEN! Here's a remarkable gift offer you won't want to miss.

To-day, step into any one of the thousands of shops that feature this offer—buy a tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream at the regular price—1/6—get a genuine silver-plated Gillette Safety Razor absolutely FREE.

This extraordinary offer can last but a few days. Men by the thousands will flock to get their Palmolive Shaving Cream and gift razor. Only ONE to a customer. Don't put off getting yours.

What you get—5 unique advantages of Palmolive Shav ng Cream

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a scientific creation. We worked 18 months to perfect it; made up and discarded 130 formulas before we hit the right one.

In 5 distinct ways, this unique preparation excels over all others. It has won millions of men from old-time preparations.

1. *It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.*
2. *It softens the beard in one minute.*
3. *The lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.*
4. *The extra strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting, where weak bubbles let them fall down.*
5. *The blend of palm and olive oils brings fine after effects. It makes the cream also a lotion.*

Accept TO-DAY

Now to win you over to a trial, we make an offer which we believe is the most remarkable any manufacturer ever made to gain a fair trial for his product.

In your interest and in ours, please accept it to-day. Go now to one of these shops. You'll thank us for the gift—and for the new shaving comforts our cream offers you.

TESTED JB

Act to-day
This remarkable offer expires soon

More Enjoyment from Smoking

HAVE you ever suffered from a dry parched throat which comes from continuous smoking? Then take a package of Wrigley's and see how cooling and refreshing to the mouth and throat the delicious flavours are. Your whole system is toned up by the use of Wrigley's after every smoke.

For sportsmen the use of Wrigley's is a necessity—it gives that little bit of pleasure which adds to your vim. And at the same time your digestion will benefit by the flow of gastric juices caused by the use of Wrigley's.

It is good for the kiddies, too. Watch how Wrigley's keeps their teeth clean and improves their appetites.

WRIGLEY'S

1p PER 4 PIECE PKT.

EH 10.

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

A BOOST FOR BRITISH TRADE

SOMETHING PRACTICAL AT LAST

"John Bull" Shows the Way

DESPITE Mr. Winston Churchill's optimism trade is not good, It has apparently not yet dawned on the political mind that trade is fundamentally a question of buying and selling. The more goods that are bought, the more will those who make the goods require to employ more and more men in their manufacture.

The firm belief of JOHN BULL has always been that if trade in this country were sufficiently organised and sufficiently stimulated, many of our problems would fade into insignificance.

We muddle along year by year and we make no really definite attempt to explore to the uttermost ways and means of selling our goods to our own people.

We turn envious eyes on America, where the creation of customers has become a national science, but we do not endeavour to emulate those methods here.

JOHN BULL believes that a great deal can be done by an intensive effort in that direction, and we have therefore decided to do it.

From now to the end of December we are embarking on a great national campaign to link up advertising and selling, in the confident belief that the result will be a big stimulus to trade.

WE have, in other words, inaugurated a National Window Dressing Competition, since it is obvious that customers cannot be expected to buy what is not brought to their notice.

If we can, as we believe we can, increase sales it is clear that manufacture will also be automatically increased. If manufacture is increased there will be more demand for employment, and a consequent diminution of unemployment.

We do not expect to perform miracles, but we do expect that the result of our efforts will be to point the way to a revival of British trade.

We invite every shopkeeper in the country to participate in our campaign, since our National Window Dressing Competition is simple and cannot fail to benefit both the shopkeeper and his customers.

The conditions are merely that shopkeepers should select any branded article or commodity advertised in JOHN BULL and display it in their windows for a period of not less than one week. Such windows must bear for the period of the display a "J.B. star," which we will provide.

Lastly, all the shopkeeper has to do is to submit a photograph of his display to the JOHN BULL Window Display Competition Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SO long as the goods are sound and of a reasonable price, so long as they are backed up by a guarantee of integrity such as any advertised goods in JOHN BULL bear, there will never be any difficulty in selling them.

We want in this campaign the co-operation of both shopkeepers and public. So far as the shopkeepers are concerned, we are offering a first prize of £500 with a gold medal for the window dresser; a second prize of £100 with a silver medal for the window dresser; a third prize of £50 with a bronze medal for the window dresser, as well as numerous other prizes.

So that our readers may also co-operate with us in making this attempt to stimulate trade, we are going to award each week a prize of £5 for the best description, given on a post-card, of the most attractive JOHN BULL window display in any district in the country.

The full particulars of JOHN BULL'S National Window Dressing Competition will be found on page 14, and we invite the earnest attention of every reader to it.

It is no use merely talking about depressed trade. The time has come when something practical has got to be done, and JOHN BULL feels that this is at least one way in which it can help to set the ball of prosperity rolling once more.

The rest is up to you. We look for, and believe we shall obtain, the hearty co-operation of everybody in our effort.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, K.G., K.T., who has on more than one occasion urged England to "Wake up!"

HAVE WE? No, We Haven't!

TAKEN in all, public speeches made in this country receive a fair amount of attention, although prominence is not always given to the more important expressions of opinion.

That is why we hark back to a speech made by Mr. George Hicks at a conference of the National Labour Housing Association recently held in Edinburgh.

Mr Hicks, as Chairman of the T.U.C., is the official voice of organised Labour, and that is why his words are worth pondering when he declares:

"It is an amazing thing that we should tolerate and placidly accept the housing conditions now prevailing in Britain. Cool reason condemns these conditions as wantonly cruel and utterly stupid, and one wonders that flaming passion does not drive us to do something desperate."

This, from a quiet man, means more than a campaign of noise and threats from a noisy agitator. It means that working men and women are tired of slums.

They do not see why horrible slums should exist in Westminster under the shadow of Big Ben. They think it silly that on fair countrysides human beings should stifle in foul hovels not fit for pigs.

"If," said Mr. Hicks, "we can afford to squander millions on military and naval adventures, we can find the money for housing purposes. We have the money, materials, a plentiful supply of skilled labour, and *we have the land*."

In that last sentence Mr. Hicks went wrong. We have not got the land, and that is the root of the whole trouble. Why Labour does not concentrate on this is a puzzle.

The housing problem will never find a satisfactory solution until the land is freed.

THE PURVEYORS OF POISON

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Send Them to Jail!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

IN many parts of England apples are being fed to the pigs because it does not pay the grower to send them to market. It is evidently a very good year for pigs. It is equally evident that it is a very bad year for children

Lord Lindithgow, whose Committee of Enquiry exposed the fruit robbers—and was quietly abolished!

MY article a fortnight ago on "The Great Fruit Fraud" seems to have caused something like a sensation. I have received hundreds of letters from all parts of the country.

Some of my correspondents tell me I am all wrong and others tell me I am all right. The curious thing is that those who tell me I am wrong are those who sell the fruit over the counter, and those who tell me I am right are those who grow the fruit.

"Having large quantities of apples in my garden," says one reader, "I offered them to local greengrocers and was astonished to be offered only 1½d. a pound for fruit better than they were selling at 6d. and 8d. a pound.

"Rather than be a party to profiteering at the rate of about 300 per cent. I gave the fruit away."

Another reader says that I might have included vegetables as well as fruit in my attack.

Cheaper to let rot

"A Lincolnshire farmer," he says, "sold his peas for 1s. 6d. a peck. These same peas were retailed in the shops at 6d. a pound. The cost of picking was £13, and after meeting all the other selling expenses, the farmer was £9 7s. 1d. out of pocket. It was cheaper to let the peas rot."

Still a third says: "Whilst on holiday in Norfolk I helped to gather for market a consignment of excellent raspberries. These were later delivered free to Norwich wholesale market and secured 4s. 6d. per stone, less a salesman's commission of 2d. in the shilling.

"During that same week raspberries were sold in shops in Norwich at from 8d. to 11d. per pound.

"The same grower told me he was letting his gooseberries rot on the bushes as the price offered barely paid for the carbolic lotion for treating the scratches he sustained in picking them!"

A fourth reader took the trouble to follow his produce to the bitter end. He sold a dozen baskets of grapes of very fine quality, and on receipt of the sale note went to see the man who had bought them.

Scandalous profiteering

He got to know where they had gone and went to interview the buyer, where he saw his grapes in the window.

He asked the price and was told they were 2s. a pound. He demanded to see the buyer and asked him what he had paid for the grapes, to be told that he had paid 7d. a pound.

He asked him if he would buy his grapes direct and he said he would not so long as he could get his pick at his own price!

A profit of 1s. 5d. per pound on grapes is not so bad!

As to how far I was wrong when I accused middlemen and retailers of profiteering in fruit—let us see.

There is no question that this year there is a positive glut of English apples. Apart from all other people tell me, I grow some apples myself, and not being deficient in eyesight I know what my few trees have produced.

I have taken considerable trouble to find out what is happening with regard to apples at the moment. The average wholesale prices are 4s. per bushel for cookers and 5s. to 6s. per bushel for eaters, and a bushel is 40 pounds.

That is to say, the wholesale price of apples is about 1½d. a pound for eaters and just over 1d. a pound for cookers. And you *can* get them for even less.

The lowest price I could buy eating apples in the West End of London the other day was 6d., and there were any amount of shops which offered them at 8d. and 10d. per pound.

In some stores they even offered baskets of six apples for 2s. and 2s. 6d.—that is to say, 4d. and 5d. per apple. In lots of cases the only difference was that they had been nicely polished!

Strange coincidence

I am told by Surrey farmers that they cannot sell apples to local retail fruiterers, who can buy cheaper from Covent Garden than the price these farmers have to charge to pick and deliver their apples. Yet retail prices are only very slightly lower than London prices.

If this sort of thing is not sheer downright profiteering I do not know the meaning of the word.

What happens when you go outside the West End of London? There is a vast difference, and it may or may not be mere coincidence that this difference has become suddenly apparent since JOHN BULL's publication of "The Great Fruit Fraud."

Prices are considerably lower. As I say, it may or may not be mere coincidence!

From the investigations I have made there is no doubt that generally retail prices are about four times Covent Garden price, with the exception of soft fruits such as plums, where a quick sale is necessary, but even with this class of fruit retail prices are double and even treble the wholesale figures.

Nobody begrudges any retailer a reasonable profit, but nobody outside Bedlam can pretend that a profit that runs into hundreds per cent. is reasonable.

The patient ass

So much for the facts of the case. What the ordinary consumer thinks of the prices he is forced to pay if he wishes to eat fruit can be seen by a glance at the "Letter Parliament" page of JOHN BULL.

It would have taken a complete issue of JOHN BULL to print half the letters that I have received from the public on this question.

It is a fortunate thing for those who extract extortionate profits from the pockets of the people that the Britisher is very long-suffering.

Otherwise these profiteers might find themselves as their brother profiteers in Italy have found themselves.

Mussolini, whom I do not admire at all, does occasionally do things that I admire very much.

His method may be rough and ready, but it is at any rate effective. The shopkeeper in Italy, like his brother bandit at home, robbed and fleeced the consumer to his heart's content till he woke up one day to find that the prices at which he might sell his commodities had been fixed for him at what was considered to be a fair rate of profit.

Woe betide him if he dares to play monkey tricks with these prices. He is fined exceedingly heavily, and if he is not careful he is incontinently clapped into jail.

I sometimes wonder whether a little of this medicine would not be a very salutary thing for some of our home-grown profiteers.

Bumble-Bra

What a pity so many employers apparently do not know their job! The greater pity, too, is that workers suffer most thereby.

I HAVE received a letter from a bricklayer which puts the case for payment by results very simply and effectively.

He tells me that at one time he was in the habit of laying from 1,000 to 1,500 bricks per day. He was then on piece work and was paid £1 per thousand. Now that he is on day work, for which he is paid 1s. 9½d. per hour, he only lays from 300 to 400 per day.

Mr. A. F. Holt

"Why," he asks, "should I lay a thousand a day now when the men who lay only 300 a day would get the same wage at the week-end? If the builders would pay men according to the work they do, houses would cost less, more would be built, and the workers would get bigger wages."

If house-building could be speeded up to the extent indicated by my correspondent, the argument in favour of piecework appears irresistible. It would mean at least two and a-half houses where only one is now built. It would solve the housing problem.

Employers ought to welcome the suggestion, for if they now pay 14s. 4d. for the laying of 400 bricks, day-work, it would obviously be to their great advantage to get 1,000 laid for £1, piecework.

BUT suppose the system became universal throughout the building trade. Suppose bricklayers began to set 1,500 per day, would all employers be willing to pay their men the 30s. per day they had earned?

How long would it be before some conscienceless grabber began to cut the rates?

That is what those who, like myself, believe payment by results to be the ideal method of payment are always up against.

We know only too well that sordid greed and lack of intelligence on the part of employers in the past have made the workers very suspicious of a system which, unfairly operated, may mean

The Fatal 496

by A. G. GARDINER

ONE person in twenty a pauper! And the Chancellor of the Exchequer talks about returning prosperity! No wonder the average man is sick of looking to politicians to put matters right!

I HOPE Mr. Churchill, who was talking the other day so light-heartedly about our returning industrial prosperity, will glance at the new report issued by the Ministry of Health for the year ended March last. I recommend him to turn to page 112. He will there find some facts and figures which will modify his transports.

They refer to that drab subject, pauperism. It is not a pleasant subject; but it is a better barometer of the state of the nation than the attendance at greyhound racing meetings or football matches. It reveals the very startling and disquieting fact that during the last year 496 out of every 10,000 of the population of the country were in receipt of poor relief.

In other words, one person in every twenty was a pauper. This does not include lunatics, casuals and those in receipt of medical relief only.

Let us take the round figure. It compares with 312 in the previous year and 287 in 1924-5. Thus, with all our insurance systems and old-age pensions at work, pauperism is not declining. It is increasing. It has nearly doubled since Mr. Baldwin came into office three years ago.

Of course, it will be said that the terrific rise last year was due to the coal strike. That is true; but it is also true that before the coal strike the figures were bounding up, and since the coal strike they have created new records.

An enormous burden

This is an alarming fact in itself; it is still more alarming in its consequences. It is the result of unemployment and it is the cause of unemployment. It represents a dead weight on industry which is one of the chief reasons why industry stagnates in so many directions. The burden of the rates, which is largely a question of poor relief, hangs like a millstone round the neck of trade.

In twenty-five years the rates per head of the population have risen from £1 6s. 11d. to £3 14s. 7d. —that is to say, they have nearly trebled. The whole of this enormous burden falls as a first charge on industry, increasing the cost of production so seriously that competition in the world market becomes impossible.

One illustration will show the nature of the handicap. As recently as 1913 the local rates in the Middlesbrough district represented 1s. on every ton of steel produced. To-day in that area the local rates represent 7s. per ton.

A lesson to learn

Need we wonder that the industry is depressed, that British steel is beaten out of the field in foreign markets and unemployment is the result?

Until we realise that high rates mean unemployment we have not understood the elementary facts of the industrial problem. The lesson has to be learned in Labour quarters as well as in Government quarters.

The strike last year added tens of millions of dead weight to industry in local rates alone, and that dead weight, in raising the cost of production, is losing us contracts every day in all parts of the world.

The recent scandals at Poplar and West Ham illustrate the same point. The rates were plundered in the supposed interests of the working classes. It was assumed that because the chief burden of the rates fell on the railways it did not matter how much money was splashed around among the supporters of the Party in power.

It was a shameless and impudent plunder, not of capitalism, but of industry and of the community. It meant that every penny of that plunder had to be provided out of increased charges which fell on trade and the public.

One of the most serious factors in our cost of production is that of heavy railway rates. I believe that it is cheaper to get coal to this country from Silesia, a thousand miles away, than it is to transport coal from the Yorkshire coalfields to Hull. This is due to the high charges that the railways have to meet, of which local rates is one of the most crushing.

Thus, such disgraceful extravagances as those

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

at West Ham come back to us in the shape of dear coal, lost markets, depressed industry and unemployment, which means still more poor relief, still higher rates, still dearer production and still more unemployment. And so the vicious circle goes round and round.

Grinding exactions

Trade cannot straighten its back while it has to carry such a heavy load of unproductive passengers chargeable to the rates. That load must be lightened. We cannot get rid of, or even diminish, the weight of local taxation by refusing to provide for the poor or by cutting down our social services.

The whole country is crying out against the grinding exactions of the rates, and some of the leaders of industry who find their businesses staggering under those exactions are demanding that the public services, education, roads, relief and the like should be cut down.

That is not the remedy. There is room for economy in these things no doubt. But we must not lower the standard of our social services.

A more promising attack on the problem of high rates is by way of transferring some proportion of the charges borne locally to the shoulders of the nation. In the matter of roads, for example, there is no reason why a large part of the cost of upkeep should fall on the locality. In these days of motor-cars all roads are national roads and the upkeep should fall on the national tax on the users of motor-cars.

Nor should poor relief weigh so heavily on precisely those industrial districts which have been badly hit by trade depression. A transfer of some part of the local burden from the rates to the taxes would give industry a fillip that would soon mop up such of the unemployed as are employable.

Revolutionising industry

And in this connection the time has surely come when the whole system of rating and taxation should be revised. At present that system penalises industry in the interests of the unearned increment of land. The man who keeps land idle until public activities have made it a gold mine for him escapes practically all charges.

The man who puts a factory on idle ground and provides work for the workless and profit for the country is immediately crushed by local rates and national taxes.

That is a glaring wrong that should be righted. And the Party that takes up this policy resolutely will win the electorate, and in carrying it through will revolutionise industry. Incidentally, it will check the menacing growth of pauperism that the report of the Minister of Health reveals.

aned Bosses

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

more work, but not more money for the worker. I had thought that the breed was almost as extinct as it is out of date.

A NUMBER of letters from readers proves to me that I was wrong. They—pieceworkers themselves—tell me that if they went "all out" they would not be permitted to enjoy what ought to be their reward.

One of them, a skilled engineer, got a job drilling copperplate, piecework.

"If I can make money, I'll work like hell," he declares, "and that is what I did. When pay-day came round I was only paid day wage plus one-third, or £2 less than I had actually earned. When I complained the boss said it was the most I was allowed to draw. I wasn't told this when I started."

Other correspondents of widely differing occupations tell almost the same story.

Miners tell me that if they earn too "much" one week they are put on to some "dead" work the following week, with the result that they earn less than the minimum.

As they work on fortnightly averages, they are thus robbed of the extra money they had earned.

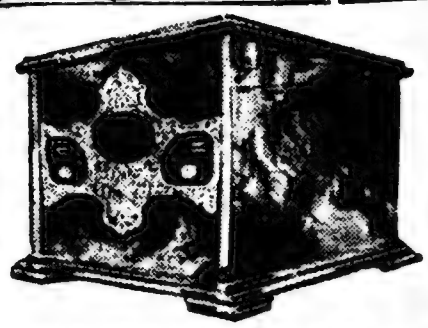
Others have written to tell me how they have "pulled their hearts out" on piecework, only to have the piece-rates cut down until finally they found themselves working at piece-rate speed for day-rate money.

The refrain of all the letters appears to be "Never again."

I BELIEVE my correspondents, but, on the other hand, I know many big establishments where the men are not only permitted, but encouraged to earn all they can. The more they earn the better are the managements pleased, because high production lowers working costs.

That ought to be the attitude of every management. Any other is proof positive of ignorance or greed. There are, unfortunately, many employers who are not fitted to be employers.

Because of that I would suggest that before any piece-rate, once fixed, can be altered by the employer the matter ought to go before some kind of an industrial court. The workers would then be protected.



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THE GREATEST ROGUE YET

WE BRING HIM TO BOOK

The Great Gold-Mine Fraud

NEVER since the days when the heartless frauds of Gerard Lee Bevan, the colossal financier, were unmasked has there operated a more callous or picturesque swindler than Joseph Aspinall, of Holland Park Avenue, W., whose life-history we are this week able to reveal.

Aspinall, who is fifty-three, has for many years lived a life of luxury and ease, frequenting the best hotels both of England and the Continent, and dissipating his wealth with a recklessness which surprised some of his closest and most confidential associates.

Growing greed

He was born in Lancashire and after leaving school he worked for a time as a wagoner. Later he became a collier and, at the age of twenty-seven, started a little business of his own as the manufacturer of colliery haulage slips.

The lure of easy money, however, was by this time imbued deeply within him, and the meagre profits he earned from his honest little business venture were insufficient to satisfy his growing greed. Shortly afterwards, therefore, he sought out new worlds to conquer.

He started upon his downward career about twenty years ago when he leased a Staffordshire colliery.

His mismanagement of this concern led him quickly into bankruptcy with liabilities of nearly £22,000 and assets which realised less than £250!

Aspinall did not mind. With an audacity which grew by leaps and bounds during the years which followed, he faced the Official Receiver unflinchingly, telling lie upon lie, and endeavouring to cover his reckless conduct by the most plausible explanations and fairy tales.

The victims of this colliery venture hoped to see Aspinall in the dock on a charge of fraud, but their hopes in this respect were never realised.

Fate, however, played a trick upon Aspinall just at the time when he thought he had "got away with it," for, at the instigation of the Official Receiver, to whom he had lied so glibly on oath, he was sentenced to nine months' hard labour for perjury at the Staffordshire Assizes.

Relatives ruined

His first term in jail did not curb his fraudulent propensities; he emerged from prison, indeed, more bent upon crime than before.

Only a few months after his release he opened a business at Bolton, and, being an undischarged bankrupt himself, induced his wife to act as the ostensible owner.

What followed can easily be imagined—his wife became bankrupt when this new business inevitably failed!

Still, what did that matter? Aspinall schemed on and, having

Mr. H. D. Roome, who, at the Old Bailey last week, prosecuted Joseph Aspinall

ruined his wife's financial reputation, turned to his father-in-law.

Although the latter was drawing the old-age pension, Aspinall used his name as the proprietor of yet a further business and, under his son-in-law's guiding influence, the old gentleman soon afterwards became bankrupt too!

In the middle of the war, Aspinall came up to London and in its financial underworld fell among thieves as big as himself.

With these newly made companions he plotted further conspiracies, and, for obtaining money by false pretences, was sentenced in 1917 to a further prison term.

Dazzled dupes

When he saw the light of freedom again he immediately started a company called the Crafnant and Devon Mining Syndicate, which was supposed to possess a mine in Wales, and induced a number of unsuspecting people to part with money.

Aspinall employed a number of men in Wales at what was called the "Klondyke Mine." Although there was nothing of value in this "mine," Aspinall got over that difficulty by buying a dump of metal from Cornwall to be used for decorating purposes.

When any interested person wanted to see this "Klondyke" before investing money, lead ore was taken from the offices and placed in the mine in such a way as to make it look like a lode.

More of the lead was thrown down to suggest that it had been chipped off in the working, while brilliant lights, cunningly and secretly installed by Aspinall, produced an effect like a jeweller's shop!

In all, by such wicked subterfuges, Aspinall received £153,500 in this "Klondyke" swindle, and much of this money was spent by him in extravagance and dissipation.

He followed up this coup by passing off various worthless shares upon the public and, in August, 1926, came under the notice of JOHN BULL.

He was then operating from an office in Shaftesbury Avenue as the "Plymouth Mining Company," which was a mere alias for himself and two sons he had been despicable enough to lump into his "business."

The "Plymouth Mining Company" was set up to dispose of trashy shares at fabulous prices, and many of Aspinall's fresh victims were women.

A knock-out blow

The fact that no one can "tell the tale" better than he is illustrated by the statement that most of his dupes believed that the sky itself could alone limit the profits to be gained.

One old lady, who parted with thousands, lost her all, and is reduced to sewing as a means of a livelihood. Many men, too, who were intelligent enough to have known better, have handed over small fortunes to Aspinall for worthless shares.

In all he got something like £30,000 in this "Plymouth Mining Company" venture.

In our issue of August 7, 1926, under the heading of "The Rascal Aspinall," we gave this rogue the knock of his life. Without sparing words or epithets, we denounced him as a scoundrel who was bent only upon robbing the public.

Our article saved many. It also had the effect upon those who were already inveigled into the Aspinall net of urging them to quick action. Some wrote demanding their money back.

Aspinall could not pay, and once again went bankrupt. He wandered about his West End haunts saying all the bitter things he could about JOHN BULL. But, in his heart, he knew that the game was up.

Last week he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude and one of his sons, led into the dock by his father, has "gone down" with him for nine months.

Rogue of two decades

About the latter we will say nothing; but in regard to Aspinall, senior, the rogue of two decades, we can only say that we are glad we were instrumental in helping to put him out of harm's way for so long a spell.

In all, he has had just on a quarter of a million of pounds from his dupes, some of whom, as we say, are themselves bankrupt through his heartless and persistent roguery.

Latterly, Aspinall bought a yacht, called the *Elfe*, upon which he lived in great style at Itchenor, near Chichester Harbour, from whence, about the time of our exposure, he had arranged to leave for a cruise in the Dardanelles via the Seine, French canals, Marseilles and thence to Baku!

It will be a long time before he again sets eyes upon the glories of the East!

THE GREAT EGG RAMP

CHEATS AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

A Farcical Order

IT is the duty of the Ministry of Health to safeguard the health of the people. Obviously that cannot be done without first safeguarding the national food supply.

Our meat and milk supplies still leave much to be desired, as we have made plain on many occasions, but they are improving. The efforts of the Ministry are bearing some fruit, and more and more farmers are co-operating with the Ministry.

No Government department seems to care a centavo about an almost equally valuable food-stuff.

We consume in this country round about five thousand million eggs every year, and the authorities don't care whether they are crocodile eggs from Egypt or hen eggs from the purlieus of Pekin.

In the eyes of authority an egg is an egg, and can, therefore, whatever its medical or other history, be foisted on the British housewife who, when she buys an egg, has no real safeguard.

Foolish and feeble

It is true that there is a foolishly feeble clause in the Sale of Food Order of 1921 which says:

"A person shall not offer or expose for sale (wholesale or retail) as 'fresh' eggs or 'new laid' eggs, or under any description of which the word 'fresh' or 'new laid' form a part, any eggs which have been imported into the United Kingdom unless the description also includes the word 'imported' or word or words disclosing the country of origin."

That clause does not safeguard the housewife. It may actually facilitate the swindling of her. She sees imported eggs marked "new-laid eggs," and does not know that quite ancient eggs may be called "new laid" so long as the word "imported" is on the card.

That word is, of course, quite often "accidentally" hidden by the eggs.

Dr. Trotter, Medical Officer of Health for Islington, recently gave it as his opinion that foreign eggs can even be called "English" so long as the words "new laid" or "fresh" do not appear.

Very many retailers carry on their businesses as though they were of his opinion.

Hidden fraud

It is no wonder that many authorities find the clause unworkable, but if it worked it would not be of much use as a protection for the housewife, for when good quality foreign eggs are mixed with English and the whole lot marked "English new laid," it is almost impossible to detect the fraud from the outside appearance of the eggs.

Such mixing is commonly done because it is safer than selling foreign eggs alone as English, for if a concern was discovered to be buying nothing but foreign eggs and selling nothing but English its guilt would be too obvious.

Wholesalers and retailers buy both, but it is significant that many big firms buy larger quantities of foreign eggs than they do of English, but, apparently, sell far more English than foreign.

It ought to be made a serious offence to label an egg "English," "new laid" or "fresh," if it is foreign, ancient or pickled. The "mixing" of eggs is a mean fraud and ought to be heavily punished.

But what actually happens? When recently one of the big multiple firms was summoned for selling foreign eggs as English through one

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health, whose attention we call to this urgent matter

of its branches, a fine was imposed, the amount of which equals but a fraction of the profits which can be made when, and if, the fraud is carried out on a big scale.

Eggs ought to be regularly tested by inspectors just as milk is, and a fixed standard ought to be laid down by the Ministry of Health.

Difficult distinction

That suggested by the International Conference of Chefs is good enough. A "new-laid" egg should not be more than ten to twelve days old, a "fresh" egg from twelve to twenty-one days old, after which it becomes a cooking egg.

The problem of distinguishing the foreign egg from the English is another matter. Possibly the housewife may be able to spot the worst kind of Dago egg, but French, Dutch and Danish eggs are difficult to distinguish from our own.

At certain seasons of the year these eggs actually fetch more on the English wholesale markets than do home-produced eggs.

As the retailer knows that his customers would not dream of paying more for a foreign egg than for an English egg, he claps a big profit on the English egg, and is so able to get rid of his aliens.

That big profit is, of course, a temptation to him to sell as English that which is not English.

Here is an illustration of what happens when foreign egg prices are below English. A poultry-farmer who is a reader of JOHN BULL was supplying a shopkeeper with twelve gross of eggs weekly. The order was cut down to three gross. The shopkeeper was "glutted," etc.

Fattening the foreigner

A little later the farmer discovered that the retailer was buying imported eggs by the case and selling them as the product of the local poultry-farm.

Had there been an Order in force providing for the compulsory stamping of all foreign eggs such swindling of the consumer would have been impossible.

The only reason why such an Order is not in force to-day is that it is opposed by groups of foreign egg firms.

Why they should pull more weight with the powers-that-be than the National Farmers' Union and the National Poultry Council is a mystery.

Every imported egg ought to be stamped, as can be done under the Merchandise Marks Act, by Order in Council. But that, in itself, is not enough to put the home poultry industry on its feet.

The industry is making a brave attempt to organise itself, but so far only the fringe of the vital problem of marketing has been touched. Poultry-farmers are, for the most part, men of small capital and they are widely scattered.

Government aid must be forthcoming to enable them to start co-operative marketing organisations.

Foolish policy

They would benefit the country as a whole, for is it not foolish to send over £20,000,000 abroad every year for eggs and poultry meat which might be produced here?

We already produce poultry and eggs worth about £25,000,000 every year, according to the latest available official returns, but actually the value of our total production is far higher.

Government figures only take note of holdings of an acre or more. There are more poultry-keepers with less than an acre than the total number recognised by officialdom.

The Governmental neglect of so valuable an industry is a national scandal.

Housewives are being cheated right and left. Egg producers, many of them disabled soldiers, have sold, or are selling up, broken and beaten.

We can produce at home every egg we need. Unemployment would then be decreased, eggs would be more plentiful and cheaper.

It would no longer be necessary to eye the breakfast egg with feelings of mingled suspicion and extravagance and the British housewife could exercise her right to scorn the foreign yolk.

Here they are

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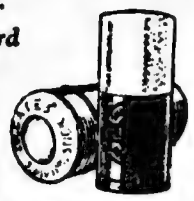

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A DIABOLICAL DIARY

CONTINUING our short series telling of some of the most amazing cases of recent times, below is the story of how a woman who attempted to blackmail a prominent public man was utterly foiled. Names are withheld, but are known to the Editor

THERE is a woman blackmailer now in the middle sixties who is the daughter of a clergyman and who for nearly twenty years was a governess in various titled families.

She could not have been out of her teens when it first occurred to her that the apparently harmless chatter of the tea-table could be turned to financial advantage on some future occasion, while she must have devoted hours to the compilation of a more or less slanderous dossier of all the important people with whom her employment brought her into contact.

In her younger days she was governess in the family of a younger son of a peer, whose house, situated in the North Country, was the scene of many festivities in the season.

It would not be an exaggeration to describe it as the headquarters of society for miles around, and as a matter of course all the gossip of the county and a good deal from Mayfair also was retailed under its roof.

That was how it came about that the young and pretty governess heard that the youthful heir to a goodly estate in the county had had a very serious affair with the daughter of his mother's housekeeper. That night, the details of all the scandal went down in the governess's secret diary.

Years went by, but that secret diary remained a treasured possession of its owner.

A startling letter

When she opened her paper one morning almost exactly thirty years later and read that as the result of a by-election the youthful Don Juan of the past had become a Member of Parliament, her face became "one vast substantial smile."

The new M.P. was now a colonel with a distinguished record to his credit, married to the daughter of a peer, an influential factor in society, and if not absolutely marked out for the Cabinet, was, as the paper remarked, an obvious candidate for one of those political posts near the person of the King which are the gift of the Party in power.

He ought to be good, therefore, for at least £5,000.

Her first move was to make a special journey north so that she might enquire on the spot what had become of the housekeeper's daughter.

It was a blow to her when she heard that the housekeeper's daughter had died ten years previously, and that having left the neighbourhood long before her death she and her family had been almost completely forgotten.

But the blackmailer was not to be upset or even disturbed by a little thing like this. Her inventive faculties came to her aid, and on the day that the new M.P. came to London to attend the opening of Parliament, he received a letter which must have startled him.

Bold stroke

Written in rather a slovenly hand and not too intelligently expressed, it purported to come from the widowed sister of the housekeeper's daughter of thirty years ago!

"I was left destitute by my husband's death last Christmas," his correspondent wrote, "and seeing your name in the papers, I thought that for the sake of my sister, who was your sweetheart and loved you, sir, and would have married you, don't you remember? I have a chance of buying a business for £500 ——."

The colonel, however, if startled, was not to be rushed by panic into parting with money.

Could he have purchased complete silence by drawing a cheque for £5,000 he would have done so, but he knew that the "business" mentioned in the letter was simply a blind, and that the receipt of the cheque would merely whet the appetite of the blackmailer, and that he would be bled for many thousands of pounds, in addition to living in a veritable hell.

However, the blackmailer must be repelled. If he gave in to her he would lose some thousands of pounds, suffer for months and perhaps years the tortures

Mr. Justice Acton, who recently described some blackmailers brought before him as guilty of the most shocking and dangerous crime possible

of the damned, and all for nothing, because it was as certain as death that in the long run she would publish his secret.

Accordingly, he ignored the first letter, and when a second arrived he replied asking for further particulars about herself.

Penalty of refusal

When the third letter came and he read the obviously fabricated life-story, he retorted with a curt note expressing a determination to have nothing further to do with her.

The next move was a bluntly and crudely expressed demand for £5,000, the penalty of a refusal being publicity for the indiscretion of his youth. "I saw you dined at Buckingham Palace on Wednesday night," she wrote; "how would your royal host like to hear the disgraceful past of one of his guests?"

Three days later the blackmailer was busy in her small flat in Chelsea when the front-door bell rang. Two men confronted her and the moment she saw them she knew they were detectives.

"Perhaps you can guess our business, madam?" said the older man with a toneless politeness that was terrifying.

"Come in here," she said, trying to infuse courage into her voice. She pushed open the dining-room door and they followed her. Then she enquired what was their business.

"We are detective officers," was the answer, "and we have a warrant for your arrest for attempting to extort £5,000 from Colonel ——, M.P., by means of threats. I will read the warrant if you wish," he added, producing a document from his breast pocket, "but before I do so it is my duty to warn you that anything you may say ——"

"Spare me these official platitudes," she exclaimed, displaying marvellous self-control. "So the colonel has decided not to pay up? Well, he'll be the loser. I may have to spend a few years in prison; but he'll never be able to hold his head up again, and he'll have to resign from Parliament. I suppose there is nothing to be done—I must come with you."

A neat trap

She moved slightly, glanced towards the window, looked at the two men, and then let her gaze wander to the door.

"I presume you will have no objection to my putting on a hat and coat?" she said. "I'm not dressed for the street."

"Certainly," said the detective promptly, and before he could add another word, she had walked out of the room; but they had scarcely been alone a moment when they heard the click of the key in the lock and realised that they were locked in—trapped!

The woman seized her hat and her hand-bag and ran out of the flat. A passing taxi took her to Victoria Station, and after a terrible wait of thirty-five minutes she caught the train to Dover. By nine o'clock that night she was dining in a cheap hotel forty miles from Calais.

The next morning she proceeded to Paris, where she intended to hide herself for as long as her money lasted, but returning one night to her hotel in the Montmartre quarter less than a fortnight after her arrival, she was flabbergasted to hear that a strange Englishman had been enquiring for an Englishwoman resembling her, and she resumed her flight.

For months she was forced to move about, and she had at least three marvellous escapes from arrest.

Eventually she secured a haven of safety in a suburb of Nice, and there she earned a poor living as a governess and teacher of English and French until she read in a newspaper one day that the colonel and M.P. she had attempted to blackmail had been killed.

By his death she was freed from the nightmare of the Old Bailey, and she returned to England.

There was more to be made in her native country with the aid of her secret diaries than by teaching English to pot-bellied *bourgeoisie* or teaching French to pallid and obese British dowagers.

Foiled by bluff

She returned and had been back only six months when by the veriest chance she discovered to her mortification that she had been the victim of an astutely stage-managed piece of bluff.

The two men who had visited her in her flat were actual detectives, but they had not troubled to explain that they were private detectives, having left Scotland Yard some time before on pensions!

However, time brought its salve, and in recent days she and her secret diary have played prominently if unobtrusively. A woman of astounding if perverted brain power, she could be fooled only once—as at least a score of men and women belonging to famous families could testify at this moment.

* * *

[The next Article in this Series will tell how a gang of blackmailers were foiled by the sudden death of a prominent cleric in their house, and how the circumstances attending the disposal of the body caused such a terrible panic that the gang was finally broken up.]

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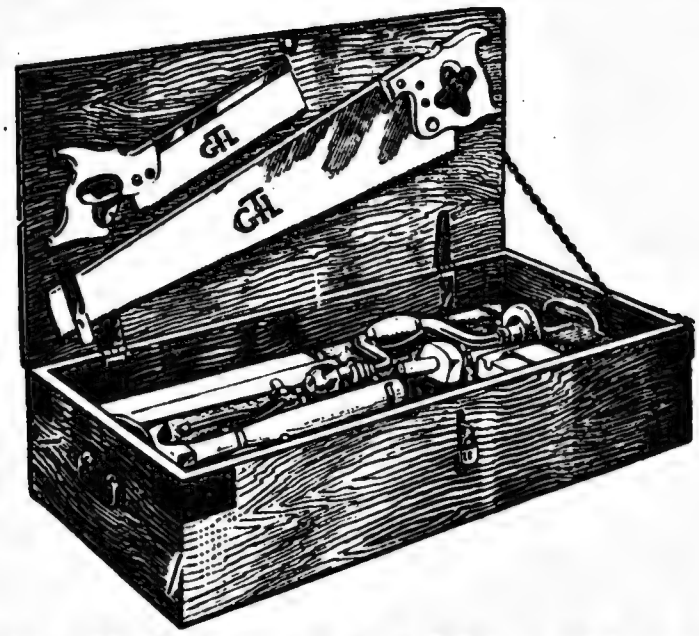

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In Sunshine Ward

by **PHILIP INMAN**

"HE left me for another!" What a terrible heartbreak for a woman! And yet even then tenderness and forgiveness often survive, to the enduring comfort of the one on whom they are showered. Wonderful woman!

THE SALVAGE BABY

EVERY day three people are killed and 337 injured in the streets of London. My hospital, situated as it is in the heart of the West End, is in the accident danger-zone, and scarcely an hour passes but what some unfortunate victim is carried into the reception-room to be cared for.

The other day there was a bad motor-smash on the Embankment. It involved three persons, a man who was killed instantly, a woman who was seriously hurt—so seriously that she remained unconscious for two days—and a little child of three who miraculously escaped.

The man's name was John Reynor, and it was presumed that the others were his wife and little boy. But later in the day a visitor arrived at the hospital and introduced herself as Mrs. Reynor.

She was young, fashionably dressed, and strikingly handsome, but there were shadows underneath her eyes, and her face was like frozen marble.

"I have heard the news," she said, and her voice was cold and without passion. Then she asked quietly, "Did he suffer much?" and when I told her that his death was instantaneous, a stray tear trickled down her cheek.

The one thing lacking

I sensed at once that I was in the presence of a grim tragedy, and soon I discovered what it was.

"He was my husband, but he left me for another," she murmured sadly, "and she is the one." "He left me for another." Is there a more poignant sentence in the annals of domestic history?

After a cursory enquiry about the woman patient and the little child, my visitor went on in a low, soft voice, as though talking to herself: "We had everything that money could buy, but we lacked the one thing which would have made our life a paradise.

"We both wanted a child, but when the doctors told me I should never have one of my own, he went away, and since then I have only seen him once. Then he told me that he had found a wonderful happiness, and three years ago a little boy was born to them.

"I have always cherished the hope that one day he would come back to me, and though that's over and done with now, nothing can rob me of the memory of the years I spent with him."

The mother's cry

For two days it seemed as if John Reynor's companion had passed beyond human aid, but early the third morning came signs of a returning consciousness. After a while she slowly opened her eyes, and "Where am I?" she whispered.

"Don't talk now," she was advised. "Just rest quietly and try to sleep."

She gazed wonderingly around her. "But what has happened?" she presisted, "I want to know." And when someone mentioned the word motor-car, she winced. "Don't, don't," she moaned, "I remember. Oh! it was awful!"

For a moment she remained silent, and then very faintly she said, "I am afraid to ask. Is he——?" She stopped. But before she could be told, she had divined the worst. "He is dead," she gasped, "dead."

Her voice rose to a shriek. "Where is my baby?" she cried. Quietly she was told the child was unhurt. "But I want him," she went on. "I want to feel him, to see him for myself."

The doctor gave instructions that the child should be brought to her. "It might pacify her, and that's what she needs just now," he said. So the little boy was brought into the ward, and when she beheld him, she burst into tears.

"Who will look after him when I am gone?" she sobbed. "There will be nobody to care for him."

"You mustn't talk like that," the nurse whispered. "You will only distress yourself, and that will prevent your recovery."

Philip Inman

"I shall never recover," she said. "I know I shan't." And she was right, for shortly afterwards she lapsed into a state of coma, and never came round again.

When the real Mrs. Reynor knew of the patient's death, her first words were, "What is to happen to the child?" When she knew that there was no one left to care for him, there was a tremor in her voice as she enquired if she might see him.

Totally unconscious of the loss that had befallen him, the little chap was brought in, and his eyes were twinkling with roguish merriment.

Mrs. Reynor stood there for a moment uncertain, gazing at the child rather strangely. Then she picked him up and hugged him tightly. "It was his child," she said; "it shall become mine."

The Sentence of the Court

GLAD OPTICS AND EASY ARRESTS

The Peril in Blue

TO a charge of endangering the safety of pedestrians in the West End of London, Brigadier-General Sir W. T. F. Horwood, Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, pleaded "Not guilty."

"In seeking to establish this charge," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I rely chiefly upon recent cases in which the readiness of the police to arrest respectable persons for alleged unseemly behaviour has only been equalled by their failure to substantiate such charges.

"In two cases which have attracted widespread notice the police were able to secure convictions, but these were promptly quashed on appeal.

"The eagerness of some magistrates to accept uncorroborated police evidence makes it more than ever necessary that special care should be taken before these charges are brought.

"Fortunately, in both the cases to which I have referred, the accused persons were sufficiently well-to-do to bear the heavy expense of proving their innocence.

"In one case costs were allowed by the higher court, but in the other they were refused, although the court stopped the trial and announced that the character of the appellant had been 'vindicated entirely.'

"As the gentleman in question had to spend £330 to obtain this decision, he was, to all intents and purposes, fined that amount—presumably because his conduct in proving that police witnesses are not infallible was equivalent to *lese majesty*.

"That common justice should prove so uncommonly expensive is bad enough, but it is even more disturbing to think that many another citizen may be going about under an undeserved stigma, simply because he lacked the means to carry his case to a court where it is not necessarily assumed that any words emanating from a member of the Force carry the force of Holy Writ.

"It is time instructions were issued to the police, impressing upon them the necessity for obtaining the names and addresses of persons making serious accusations against their fellow-citizens. As things are at present, any country bumpkin in a newly-acquired policeman's uniform can usurp the functions of prosecutor, jury and Lord High Executioner."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that just as one swallow did not make a summer, two or even half-a-dozen unfortunate mistakes did not make a case for upsetting the present system. It would be deplorable if wrongdoers were to go scot-free because the police were required to prove every case they brought as if it were a proposition in Euclid. Such meticulous proof was rarely available, and to insist upon it was to crucify common sense on the altar of pedantry.

* * *

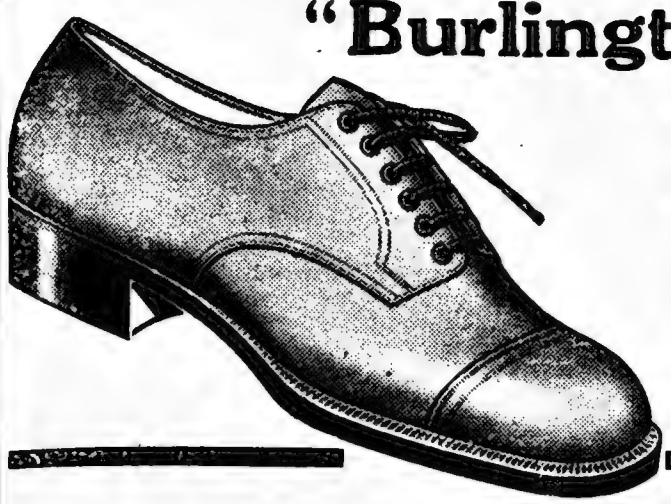
"For the London police as a body," said Mr. Justice Bull, "I have a high admiration, but it has been truly said that 'None of us is infallible—not even the youngest.'

"Various precautions, including an expert medical examination, are taken before a motorist is charged with drunkenness, but a man may be charged with a more serious offence merely because a 'bobby' some distance away thought he saw him give the glad optic to a woman who may or may not have been of unblemished character.

"If these prosecutions continue to be so lightly undertaken, we will not only have Piccadilly 'up,' but any man who strolls along that thoroughfare after the curfew hour will run the risk of being 'up' also.

"So that the prisoner may come to appreciate the force of the objections to prosecutions brought in this way, he is sentenced to six hours' hard [illegible]."

"Burlington" (Regd.)



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Words Winged to Women

AND THE CHILDREN WEPT

by **MABEL HORNER**

"PUT thou my tears into thy bottle; are they not in thy book?" may be highly figurative language. Yet, like many ancient sayings, they hold a truth, something that goes deep enough to shame what we grown-ups call "civilisation"

USUALLY children's tears are held of little account. They are, or should be, soon dried. But many times during the last few months I have been deeply impressed by children's tears. We are always teaching children, yet there are many occasions when, left to themselves, children may teach us.

A correspondent, also impressed by something of the same feeling, has sent in a little story that, tucked away in a corner of the daily newspapers, may have escaped notice.

Some boys on the foreshore at Largs, Ayrshire, started a rabbit and chased it. Finding itself being overtaken the rabbit took refuge in the sea, but after swimming about thirty yards it became quite exhausted and returned to the shore. "It has made a gallant attempt," said the lads, "let's take it to the woods and set it free."

This correspondent likes the story, and so do I. It suggest that children, left to themselves, are not naturally cruel. They have noble impulses and feel instinctively the right thing to do.

A healthy child, well brought up, has a sense of honour. A child that is healthy in mind and body lives and moves and has its being in what it feels is a pleasant world, full of friends, full of wonder and adventure. It has trust and happiness, until we, by our terrible misuse of knowledge, power and opportunity, *teach it to fear.*

Besmirching the image

Man, we are told, "was made in the image of God." When we see man at his noblest and best, working for the good of humanity, great in self-sacrifice, it is easy to believe it. But men are obliterating that image.

Lately we have been seeing terrible pictures of men dressed in the latest fashion of gas-masks, preparing to defend themselves against attacks of poison-gas in the "next war."

Only a fool would think such sights funny. They are symbolical of man's fear, and they are tragic. That is why it was not funny to see a little child whose picture was lately published in the Press.

A man taking part in the Army manœuvres at Wallingford, had taken a little child on to his knee. But he was dressed in full gas-mask equipment, and that, for the baby, transformed him into a fiend. The child screamed and wept, its face convulsed with fear. And its instinct was sound.

—"And the children wept." Is it any wonder?

Still fresh in memory is that other time, when in the spring we held at Hendon a majestic review of aerial warfare. Miracles of invention, aided by skill, daring, disciplined and deadly precision, combined to make a spectacle of wonder and awe.

A mimic village was built up and mummers dressed as villagers fled shrieking before a mimic rain of bombs, fire and death. Thousands of grown-up people wildly applauded, but little children who were watching wept.

Nearer to God's image than their elders, to them the noise and tumult, the clouds of smoke and leaping flames, were stripped to stark reality. "Take me away," sobbed one little girl of six, "I don't want to see any more. It makes me shiver." The child saw the truth.

Again, the other day, a young stag only three years old, was roused at Dunster by the Devon and Somerset staghounds. It gave a gallant run, and finally, at the end of seventeen long miles, eluding its pursuers, stopped, dead-beat, all covered in sweat, in Preston main road. There a passing motorist gave it new fright, and it jumped a six-foot wall into a cottage garden, where it stood trembling, unable to move. But the beautiful creature found no sanctuary.

Another motorist informed the members of the Quantock staghounds returning from another hunt. Glorious news! Hot on the new scent in half an hour, the whole pack of dogs, horses and men arrived. The cottage wall was climbed, a daring huntsman threw a rope across the non-resisting antlers, and the stag's throat was cut before the crowd.

Twin horrors

Then it was dragged round to the back of the cottage, cut up, and portions thrown to the dogs. Many who stood by hated this thing. They expressed horror and disgust at such a version of British sport. But there were little children also watching, and—the children wept.

In days of old the tears of mourners were held to have special healing virtue and were garnered into vials. The tears of little children, if we take them to heart, may heal our cruelties. For blood-sports, and the blood of war, are equally a defilement of the image of God. Both are born of cowardice and cruelty.

And both, happily, to-day are anathema. Those who make little children weep with their cruelties are among the few.

If men and women who abhor blood sports were courageous enough they could make themselves felt through the ballot-box, and the cruelties would cease. So it is with the larger, more hideous cruelty of war.

The League of Nations is our standing witness against its senselessness, but, the delegates we send there must have backing. It can be given by every woman with a vote.

Can there be one woman indifferent, who will not come to the help of little children when they weep?

WHEN TROUBLE COMES

"Once in a Lifetime"

WEDDING-BELLS are a perennial source of interest. Few can resist their appeal. All the world loves a lover, and even older folk can revive their youth in helping young ones to prepare for the great adventure.

It is, let us hope, coming only once in a lifetime." Quiet devotion to duty and happiness is the rule in the majority of marriages after all. This is the feeling that animates parents to make the wedding-day of their children as joyous an occasion as may be.

In the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams, of 42, Mayerbrook Road, L.C.C. Estate, Chadwell Heath, very bustling preparations were in progress. A daughter was to be married, and the house was to be made as spick and span as possible for the event.

Nearly a tragedy

In order to make space and give room for decorations a sitting-room on the ground floor was stacked up with pieces of furniture taken out of the way and covered.

But in one of those covers a bit of potential tragedy lurked. Carelessly, someone had thrown down a cigarette-end, and it was still burning. It started a fire, which before it was discovered and extinguished did very serious damage.

The plans for a happy wedding-day seemed ruined, the extra expenditure so joyously undertaken turned into an intolerable burden, until—the family remembered!

They were registered readers of JOHN BULL. Their claim was not in vain. Assessment was made and a cheque sent. The wedding-bells rang out to a home in which tranquillity had been fully restored.

All happy homes are based on tranquillity. But, though a home be perfect and free from strife, there may come at least "once in a lifetime" a sudden disastrous happening to upset all calculations.

Such a moment certainly came to the little home of Mrs. A. H. Vines, of 17, William Street, Weymouth, and came with all the rapidity of lightning.

Do It Now!

She had been bustling about, preparing meals, and by some means a loose tap in the gas-oven got turned on. The oven filled with gas, unnoticed, until the kettle was set to the boil. There was a terrific explosion. The miracle is how Mrs. Vines escaped injury.

But if she did, her kitchen did not. Pots, pans, windows, crockery, and everything breakable flew. What a mess! But not nearly as bad as it might have been had Mr. Vines not been a registered reader of JOHN BULL. He could, and did, get help to repair the damage.

Registration costs nothing, but its benefits, if trouble comes only once in a lifetime, are of sterling value.

To become a registered reader of JOHN BULL is so easy. Why not Do It Now?

Do You Want £5?

Look for the J.B. star on the shop windows in your district that are participating in JOHN BULL'S National Window Display Competition. Write down on a postcard the name and address of the window display which has attracted you most, and a short description of it (not exceeding thirty words) and send it, with your own name and address, to JOHN BULL, Star Department, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. The £5 prize will be awarded weekly for the best description. See page 14.

It safeguards *and* it saves

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If you have any difficulty in seeing the full range of Wolsey garments, we shall be pleased to send you the name of the nearest retailer who will gladly render you the service to which you are entitled
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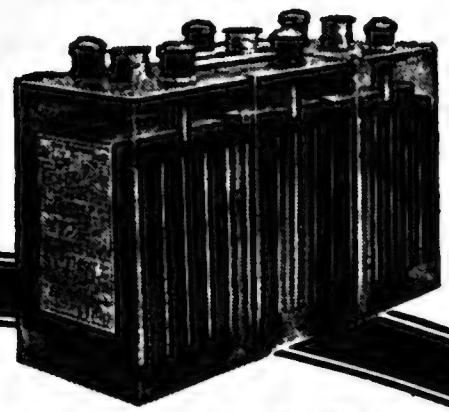

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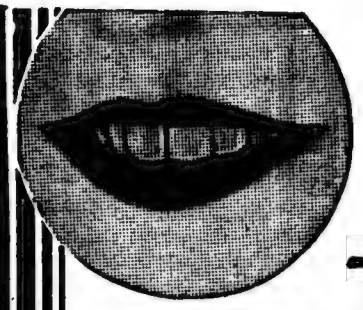

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MILTON HAS MANY OTHER USES —READ THE FOLDER ENCLOSED WITH THE BOTTLE

IT CLEANS FALSE TEETH WHILE YOU SLEEP OR WHILE YOU DRESS

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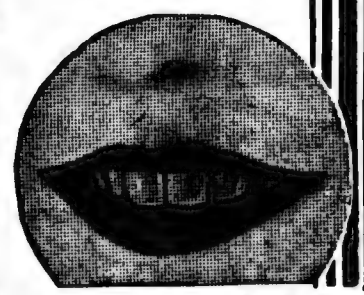

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They are sold under our guarantee of satisfaction or money back. You will see results in 24 hours. Start your cure now. Send name and address on a postcard to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. I.B.20), Croydon. Your "back-to-health" package will at once be forwarded to you without any obligation. Good health is yours for the asking.
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The Final Selection is
SHARP'S
SUPER-KREEM
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Human Documents

Wife of a Wastrel

Friendly Warning—Threatening Tempter—Robbing the Dying

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first three letters printed.

"TEN years of abject misery have been the consequences of my marrying in haste during the war an apprentice employed by one of my relatives.

"We were married while he was on seven days' leave from France, and I did not see him again until nearly eighteen months later, when my first baby was six months old. I now wish that my husband had never returned.

"When he did come home and left the Army, I discovered his true character. He made no attempt to work for a year, apparently thinking that my people, who were better off than his, would keep him. In the end they got so sick of him and of my loyalty to him, that they cast me off.

"During ten years he has not worked more than twelve months. He has lost nine situations in spite of my tearful pleading for him to be re-instated, and his trade union has thrown him out as worthless. He has deserted me eight times, and eight times I have taken him back, forgiven him and helped him to make a fresh start.

"Each time I have been expecting a child he has cleared off, robbing me of everything he could lay hands on. Once I had to break my home up and go into the workhouse. One child was born there.

"Just before my fourth child was born he left me again. After the little one arrived, when I was feeling very ill and weak and despondent, I met a man who wished to marry me, but, as I could not get a divorce, he begged me to live with him, promising to provide a real home for my little ones.

"I HESITATED a long time, but in the end I gave in. I was so very tired and weary and it seemed good to have someone to care for me and help me a little and benefit my children.

"My husband heard of what I had done and wrote letter after letter, begging me to return to him. I ignored his appeals and at last he asked the man I was living with to go and see him and try to come to some arrangement.

"He went, but came back to me post-haste with the news that my husband was lying seriously ill in hospital.

"I found him lying at death's door. Day after day I sat by his bedside, listening to him raving. At last the doctor told me that almost the only thing that might save him was my promise to take him back, as the separation was preying on his mind.

"It was a terrible choice, for I had not the faintest hope of his ever being any different, but I could not see him die before my eyes, so once more I gave way.

"The man with whom I had been living did everything in his power to make matters easy and to help my husband to get on his feet again. My husband got everything he could out of him, and then showed his gratitude in the usual way by slandering him in the vilest manner possible.

"Ultimately the man who is responsible for the only happiness I have known since my marriage left the district, thinking it would make matters easier for me.

"My husband's conduct did not improve. After a few weeks he robbed me of every penny and cleared off again and the guardians have taken out a warrant for his arrest.

"What does the future hold for me? I am so heartsick, so weary of it all, yet if only I could find a way out, I would pluck up courage and carry on for the sake of my little ones.

"There are four, the eldest eight and the youngest twelve months. Two I have been forced to put in an institution; the others I have with me in my home, which consists of one tiny room for which I pay 10s. a week.

"Can you give me a grain of comfort and hope?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Your married life has indeed been a tragedy, and it illustrates once more the inadequacy of the law to deal with such matters. The simplest solution of your problem would be for your husband to be traced and persuaded to set you free so that you might marry the man who proved such a benefactor. I can only express the hope that, wastrel though he is, he will have the decency not to hold bound to him the wife for whom he has shown such lack of affection.*

* * *

Duty and Friendship

"A FEW years ago I was employed by the local corporation as assistant food inspector, but I left that employment to go into another class of business, though I remained on terms of friendship with the food inspector under whom I worked.

"A few days ago, after I had been talking in the street to an old chum who not long since opened a small dairy, the inspector asked me if I would oblige him by purchasing some milk from my chum for the purpose of analysis, explaining to me that anonymous complaints had been received that the milk was being watered.

"I refused point-blank and asked him to get some one else to do it, pointing out what an awkward position it would place me in if the milk turned out to be deficient.

"No doubt court proceedings would be taken and I should be called as a witness against my life-long chum, who would think my betrayal a strange way of showing my friendship.

"My chum is not one of the smartest of business men and probably he would not have taken the precaution of getting a written warranty from the farmer who supplies him.

"The inspector seemed to be very annoyed at my refusing and I am wondering whether I did right and also whether I should not warn my chum of the inspector's intention to get a sample."

"HUMANIST" says: *I do not think a food inspector has any right to demand a private citizen to obtain samples for analysis in the way you describe, but you seem to have been somewhat remiss in displaying your friendship for the dairyman. With your knowledge and experience, you should long ago have warned him of the necessity to safeguard himself against adulteration at the source of supply, and it would only be right for you to do so now.*

* * *

Tears and Pearls

POETS have often likened tears to pearls. There are many bitter tears being shed which you can transform into pearls of beautiful gratitude by sending a subscription to the "Greatest of These—" Fund. (See page 38.)

"I AM an assistant in a jeweller's shop. When I was an apprentice I fell into a rogue's net and I have since bitterly repented my folly. When I was arranging some rings a man came in and offered me a pound for a ring worth much more.

The Greater Criminal

"I refused, but almost before I was aware of it he had stuffed a note into my hand and made off with the ring.

"He came many times after that and the same sort of thing occurred. In the end we were caught. I was sent to Borstal and he got penal servitude.

"I am now back in the same kind of employment and a few days ago the last man on earth I wanted to meet, this rogue, called upon me. He said that if I would co-operate with him I could be on a good thing, but that if I refused he would give me away to my employer.

"I am determined not to steal again whatever the consequences may be. What can I do to stop him?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Go straight to the police and report the whole matter. Such a scoundrel should be punished with the utmost severity and you may rest assured that the probation officer will do everything in his power to help you to stick to the path of honesty.*

* * *

A Sneak-thief

"My old landlady is seriously ill and, I fear, on her deathbed. She has been in the habit of keeping the money she has saved for the rent in a purse under the mattress. In arranging her pillows her son saw the purse drop to the floor and he picked it up and put it in his pocket. I am being accused of the theft. What course do you suggest?"

"Humanist" says: *To save the old lady pain in her last hours, take her son aside and tell him you saw what he did. He can set matters right by refunding the money and if you threaten to report the matter to the police you will probably bring him to a sense of decency.*

A Feckless Husband

"How can I stop my husband getting loans from moneylenders? For years past my home life has been made a misery through this habit of his. He borrows only to back horses and invariably loses the money, so that I and the children have to go short."

"Humanist" says: *You cannot stop your husband borrowing money so long as anyone is willing to lend it to him, but if in order to repay his loans he neglects to provide adequately for you and your children, you can apply for a maintenance order against him.*

A Cad's Courtship

"I have been engaged to be married for fifteen years, but my fiancé has kept putting off the day. I now find that in addition to other lapses he has been carrying on a clandestine courtship with my young sister. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Count yourself lucky to have escaped being married to him. If your sister, knowing his treatment of you, considers the courtship of such a cad acceptable, only the bitter lesson she is likely to learn will teach her sense.*

* * *

[Will F. W., who wrote regarding the Adoption of Children Act, kindly send "Humanist," in confidence, his name and address?]

HAD PILES 40 YEARS.
NOW PERMANENTLY CURED. NO OPERATION EITHER.

Perth man tells how he cured himself. Send a post card within the next ten days and you will receive a large supply of Nemolin ENTIRELY FREE OF COST.

"One touch of Nemolin, and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if the case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently*," writes this former sufferer, who *never* expected to be cured. Soothing, healing, antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use, and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities and renders operations no longer necessary. Totally different from any other treatment. At all chemists.

During the next ten days the Manufacturers agree to forward post paid on request, in plain sealed wrapping, A LARGE FREE SUPPLY, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases, also authoritative professional endorsement, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless and sceptical—Just send a post card to Research Laboratories (Dept. 107.S), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

INSTANT RELIEF
For Abdominal Weakness.

Here is truly wonderful comfort for every woman who suffers from down-drag or figure prominence. Instantly the "Premier" Belt transfers weight and fulness to the hips, gives ideal uplift support, and figure improvement, and a feeling of lightness and renewed activity altogether delightful. It is a wonder belt at a wonder price. Test its value at home.

Price only 10/11 Post Paid Outsizes 38 to 56 in. waist, 12/6 Foreign orders extra.

The "Premier" Abdominal Figure Belt

Mrs. Perrin, Chadwell, writes:—"I paid two guineas for the first belt I wore (to another firm), and could not get such comfort as I have with yours. It is a boon to me."

Don't Miss This Offer

Thousands, like Mrs. Perrin, have proved the value of the "Premier" Abdominal Belt. Now you can prove it, too—entirely without risk. Send for it on approval, note its amazing accuracy of fit, its lightness, its ease of adjustment, and, above all, its exquisite supporting comfort. Don't hesitate.

See it at Home on Approval for 3/6 If not fully satisfied, return the Belt unsoiled within a week, and your 3/6 will be repaid. Otherwise balance will then be due. You may send full price if you like on same terms. We pay postage. Please cross Postal Order, and address:—

THE HEALTH CORSET Co., Ltd., Dept. 440, 26-30, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

EARN £3 A WEEK AT HOME

This is what Mrs. Baldy, of Bedding, does. She says: "I am turning my spare time into money. I knit Socks, Stockings, Vests, Jumpers and Woollens—overflowing with private orders—which bring me in from £3 to £5 weekly."

Her experience and many others are detailed in our book, which explains our plan whereby WE PURCHASE YOUR ENTIRE OUTPUT of HOSIERY at an agreed price for a period of Three Years.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

SENT ON REQUEST for 1d. stamp for postage. Send TO-DAY, be making money next week.

SOUTH BRITISH MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. 43d), 91 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

The WORLD'S FINEST WATCH YOURS for the ASKING
ON 7 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL. SEND NO MONEY. Send a POSTCARD.

THE FAMOUS COMPENSATED "SOLATIME" TIMEPIECE

OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME UPON DEFERRED PAYMENTS. AS USED BY AIRMEN, PILOTS, SCIENTISTS, SIGNALMEN, LOCO-DRIVERS, ETC., WHERE PERFECT TIME AND RELIABILITY IS ESSENTIAL.

By special arrangement with the manufacturers of the famous "Solatime" watch we have secured the sole rights of offering this exclusive and wonderful watch for the very first time to readers of JOHN BULL upon our deferred payment system. For reliability and accuracy, combined with strength and soundness of construction, this watch is without comparison the world over. We send this magnificent watch to approved orders on seven days FREE APPROVAL. Just write giving full name and address. A postcard will do, and the watch will be sent by return.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION AND GENEROUS TERMS

Heavy silver finished dust and damp proof case; deeply milled edges; hinged back and front. Double engine-turned back, and inside back case. Removable dust cap over movement. Highest grade Keywind 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated lever movement not affected by heat, cold, electricity or self-magnetism. Each movement accurately timed and rigorously tested before despatch. Dial of best enamel with bold and easily seen figures. Finest pen steel hands and seconds hand. Best crystal bevelled glass. **The "Solatime" is warranted for 10 years.** The "Solatime" is very modestly priced for such a superior and accurate piece of mechanism, and we are confident that it is impossible to obtain its equal even at double the price asked, which is only 25/-. A postcard brings it to your door, and then after receipt, and if fully satisfied, you send us 2/- and the balance by weekly instalments of 1/- only. For full cash with order, or within 7 days, you may deduct 2/- discount. Irish and Colonial orders cash only. Send your postcard now to:

SIMPSON'S (BRIGHTON), LTD. (Dept. 2234)
94, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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OUR BARGAIN PRICES ARE FOR DEFERRED PAYMENTS. Send a small amount now and complete purchase in monthly payments. If you wish to pay cash, Five per cent discount is allowed.

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield.

From 5/- Monthly

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These Pull-overs are hard-wearing, and ideal for all sports wear. Reinforced neck and cuffs, two pockets. A garment for comfort and extra warmth. All-wool Jacquard, 5/-. Postage 6d. And all Pure Wool at 6/6.

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Send P.O. 4/6 or 5/6 or 7/3 and state colour preferred. If not fully satisfied, money returned. If in town, please call.

HERBERT'S STORES (Dept. J.), 147, Fleet St. LONDON, E.C.4

The World's Biggest Bicycle Bargain £4 4s. BRADSHAW

Specifications: Frame 22in., 24in., 26in. Heavily plated Dunlop Rims. Beautifully lined "Rustproof" Frame with 6 coats enamel. Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Double Lever Roller Brakes. Guaranteed for 50 years. British made throughout. Carriage paid ONLY 2d. a DAY

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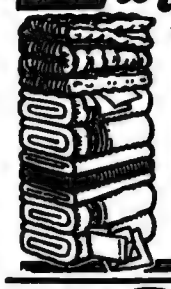

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A REMARKABLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

SPECIALIST'S ADVICE TO A READER.

For nearly ten years I suffered the excruciating torture of articular, muscular and acute inflammatory rheumatism. After trying various advertised remedies without benefit I was very much discouraged, until one day I consulted a famous specialist who told me to occasionally flush out my badly deranged kidneys, and when they were eliminating uric acid as they normally should, all my rheumatic symptoms would soon disappear. On his advice I drank twice daily a tumbler of water containing about a level teaspoonful of Alkia Saltrates, and within two days my kidneys felt better, my lumbago and sciatic pains had entirely vanished, and my swollen joints were less painful and greatly reduced. I continued two weeks longer, and during several months that have passed since then, not a trace of kidney trouble or rheumatism has returned, even my formerly gouty foot now being entirely cured. The remarkable compound which, as pure Alkia Saltrates, can be procured from any chemist, consists of the refined deposits or precipitates obtained by evaporation of the waters from certain natural curative medicinal springs, and it is not at all expensive. Only a few ounces will be required, and in its pure refined state it is practically tasteless to drink, yet as a uric acid solvent and eliminant its powers are truly amazing.—J.L.C.

8 Blankets 21/-

The lot packed free, and sent on receipt of amount.

Money Returned in full if not fully satisfied.

2 **Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets**, thick, warm, soft and comfortable, well finished and edged. Extra large size, 60 by 76 ins.
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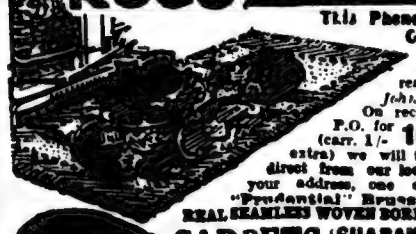
OFFERED BELOW WHOLESALE PRICES.

100,000 RUGS GIVEN AWAY



This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of *John Bull*. On receipt of P.O. for (carr. 1/- extra) we will forward direct from our looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brunoselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN BORDERED

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CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS)

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., in Turkey patterns, and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets with **FREE RUGS** will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. **Money willingly refunded if not approved.**

Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. Illus. Bargain Cat. of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free.

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Our Letter Parliament

The Clutching Hand

Bread Bunkum—A Timely Warning—Building Happy Homes

MR. E. ROFFE THOMPSON, in "The Great Fruit Fraud" (JOHN BULL, September 17), has earned the gratitude of those people to whom pence is a consideration in the weekly budget. His article shows clearly that fruit need not be dear. Some of those costly stopping stages between the producer and the consumer must go.—(*Rev.*) *M. O. Herly, Sussex.*

Deal Direct

Anyone who has an allotment or who grows produce at all will agree that prices to-day are quite unreasonable, and it would appear that the only solution is for a combination of farmers to sell direct to the public. Judging by the enormous number of retailers, greengrocery must be a paying business even after the various wholesalers have added their percentages.—*E. P., Southsea.*

Cheap Words

Let us hope that Lord Bradbury will put a stop to the scandalous fruit swindle. Fruit, whilst being the best of all foods, should also be the cheapest, as the wholesale prices quoted by your contributor amply prove. "Eat More Fruit" may be a very good maxim, but at present it can be acted upon only by the fortunate possessors of large gardens or big incomes.—*J. J., Barry.*

Get Together

If the grower advertised his fruit for sale in one hundredweight lots, and a few consumers joined together and sent direct to the grower, a good saving would be made by the consumer and a better price obtained by the grower, even if they only met each other half way between the two prices ruling to-day.—*H. P., Wisbech.*

Secret Out

Neither Royal Commissions, Food Councils, nor any amount of cleverly written articles containing undoubted facts about iniquitous food prices, will bring those prices down. I have heard shopkeepers ask, "Why should they handle ten pounds at sixpence a pound, when they can make the same profit by selling five pounds at a shilling?" That is the secret of the food ramp. Retailers are as bad as the wholesaler.—*Leodiensis.*

Sheer Mockery

Once again it is left to JOHN BULL to give voice to a public scandal. How the slogan, "Eat More Fruit," must seem to mock the wife of the average wage-earner! "Eat more apples" at 8d. (and more) a pound, though in most cases the only cost incurred is for the labour of picking them off the trees and transportation to the shops. "An apple a day" is a luxury comparatively few can afford to-day.—*E. G. B., Liverpool.*

Send It Round!

Why don't fruit-growers open shops or stalls during the fruit-picking season and send men round with carts, particularly to industrial districts? They would get a fair return for their produce and the consumer would also benefit. If it pays the Breton onion-grower to send his produce and men all the way to Britain, surely it would pay the British fruit grower to send just a few miles.—*E. R., Dowlais.*

Retailer's Retort

I am a retail greengrocer. I go to the market seven miles away and see on the stalls, perhaps, bananas 1d. each, seven for 6d.; tomatoes 4d. per pound. For the same thing I am expected to pay 11s. 6d. for a box of ten dozen bananas, and 7s. for a 12s. 6d. box of tomatoes, with carriage added.—*G. H. F., Barwick.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Ramping Rings

"The Great Fruit Fraud" is a timely exposure of a pernicious system, which applies equally to the whole of the food-producing industries. Food is life, and thus the very lives of the people are in the hands of profiteering rings. To-day I am selling eggs, absolutely new laid, at a fraction over 1½d. each. What will the consumer in London pay for those eggs in a week's time?—*J. L. B., Wisbech.*

Health is Wealth

A welfare worker declares that "last year 27,000,000 weeks of working time were lost through sickness and the loss to British industry through diminished effort due to indifferent health or actual illness has been computed at £2,000,000 a week." In other words, Britain contracts an annual bad debt of over £100,000,000, and yet some people begrudge the money spent on health services.—*L., Regent's Park.*

Timely Help

During the past few weeks I have had cause to feel proud that I'm a registered reader of JOHN BULL. Week by week I come in contact with hundreds of working-class homes in Worcestershire and Staffordshire districts. It has been a real tonic to learn of the heartfelt thanks and gratitude extended to you for the prompt benefits paid out through floods. Carry on with the good work!—*H. G., Halesowen.*

False Exhibits

After visiting the recent Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition two things struck me very much. Firstly, the vast difference between the bread and cakes awarded prizes and the bread and cakes sold over the counter to the public. From a general public point of view, the prizes prove nothing. Why not let the judges go round the bakers' barrows and award their prizes according to the quality they find there? Secondly, the large display of chemicals, such as flavourings, colouring matters, etc., makes one think.—*S. B., Crouch Hill.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-Crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—"Several firemen rushed up the escape, the ROOFS FOLLOWED."

"EAST ANGLIAN DAILY TIMES":—"For sale, two oxydised copper HANGING LAMBS, large silk shades, nearly new."

"HEDNESFORD ADVERTISER":—"She carried a semi-sheaf of lilies with a bridal train of MAIDEN-HAIR FERN."

"THE BULLETIN" (advert.):—"Babies' White Voile hats; NECK AND SLEEVES TRIMMED LACE."

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE":—"On moving eight empty beehives, the schoolmaster found them FILLED WITH BEES FROM THE CHURCH TOWER."

"FAMILY JOURNAL":—"Without heeding the bright tears of disappointment that rose to Peggy's LIPS, the old aristocrat drove on."

"DAILY HERALD":—"The flood produced by the heavy rains caused FOMENTATION OF THE RIPENING BANANAS."

Safety First

A timely warning should be given to those who are looking to a happy Christmas by putting money into thrift clubs each week to safeguard their funds by insisting on the money being banked by responsible persons and clear proof of banking produced at each meeting.—*A. B., Southfields.*

Long Wait

Despite certain optimists, the fact remains that there always will be about a million unemployed in this country. Canada and Australia seemingly require only agricultural workers, so why cannot the Government get America to accept a larger yearly quota. I took out a quota number lately and I find it entitles me to sail about July, 1930. Three years of unemployment or existence on a miserable wage!—*J. K., Glasgow.*

Milk Prices

The Lowestoft Co-operative Society's Dairy delivers guaranteed pure new milk, in hygienic glass bottles, anywhere in the town for 2d. per pint. In Norwich, when we go for a pint of milk it is 3d. Think what a difference it makes to a working-man's wife, with several little mouths to feed. The Norwich Co-operative Society has announced its intention of distributing milk. It is hoped that it will be able to do so as cheaply as its Lowestoft *confreres.*—*G. G. G., Norwich.*

Heads and Hearts

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in JOHN BULL, September 17, truly says:—"The essential thing is that masters and men should get together and look at the facts of industry," etc. But "heads" alone are only part of "masters and men." The Prince of Wales, when asked by a large employer of labour the best course to adopt to prevent strikes, etc., replied, "Well, I should try to get at their hearts." This truly "royal" advice was followed and proved a real "royal road" to peace and prosperity.—*A Wiltshireman.*

Laughing at Trouble

I wonder how many of your million readers enjoy "The Sentence of the Court" in JOHN BULL. It is always full of good humour, and always smoothing away the troubles of the court. I often think that if the "Watchdogs" and the "Strawsplitters" in the world could in all seriousness meet togther like yours, they could laugh away wars, disputes in industry, smooth over political differences, and help the world in general to keep on smiling.—*J. H., Lancashire.*

A Good Move

The Amalgamated Engineering Union is to be congratulated on the productive and sensible use of part of its funds. Loans are being made to members on building society lines for the purchase of houses, and already not less than £50,000 has been advanced. If other unions would help their members in a similar fashion more happy homes would be the result.—*C. J. C., Leeds.*

Fright Over

The League of Nations held a two years' investigation into the white slave traffic. Some months ago it published a report and the terrible disclosures revealed sent a thrill of horror throughout Christendom. What has happened since, and what is going to happen? The answer is—Nothing! That report has already been pigeon-holed and, presumably, forgotten. The traffickers in souls, who had scurried underground, have resumed their activities with impunity.—*C. G., London.*

The Health and He'p Bureau for Body and Mind.

There are very few people who are really in perfect health. Nearly everyone has some little ache or pain, or physical discomfort; or, it may be, is discontented or depressed or unsuccessful, and wonders why! Nearly everyone needs a friend or adviser at times like these, and perhaps does not know to whom to turn, or of whom to ask for reliable advice on ailments and troubles which are causing them anxiety.

Now this is just the right time for them to write to the E.M. Health & Help Bureau for Body and Mind (Dept. B.J.) at 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2. This is under the direct guidance and supervision of Mr. Eustace Miles, M.A., who has helped thousands of people to real Mental and Physical Health by the simple, easy and natural methods which have proved so increasingly successful during the last quarter of a century.

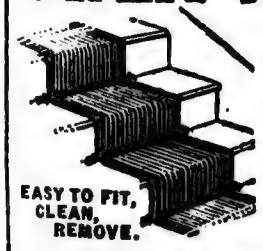
This Bureau gives a little free advice and guidance in reply to the first letter received. All you have to do is to send your name (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and full address plainly written in block capitals, and mention any troubles, Mental or Physical, and give a brief outline of how your average day is occupied.

Enquirers may rest assured that all communications are treated in the strictest confidence.

Enclose three-halfpenny stamp for postage.

NEAT & FIRM — LABOUR SAVING

INVISIBLE EYE PATENT OAK STAIR RODS



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Unquestionably the best method of securing a stair-carpet. Made with either Flat or Rounded Front, in lengths 22 to 36 in. English Oak Jacobean Ornamental Rods in lengths 24in., 27in., 30in., 33in. Full particulars can be obtained from

House Furnishers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc., throughout the U.K.

Made at the Wood Working Mills of the Non-Choker Heater Co., Ltd., Salford, Manchester

14 Months' Fiery Eczema From Elbows To Fingers

Mrs. E. Spary, of 3, Folly Villas, Folly Lane, St. Albans, says:

"Pimples appeared between the fingers of my hands. They burst and in quick time my hands and arms, right up to the elbows, were one mass of eczema. For fourteen months the burning, fiery itch and inflammation were cruel, and night and day I got no peace.

"I couldn't keep up with my housework at all, for my arms were useless and my fingers so stiff I couldn't bend them. Many ointments and lotions were tried but they were useless. Seven months' doctor's treatment also was of no avail.

"Fortunately I used Zam-Buk and was delighted with its soothing effect. As I continued with the balm (using also Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap) the discharge ceased and gradually the fiery sores died away. My arms, hands and fingers are now covered with new healthy skin."

Zam-Buk 1/3 & 3/- box

Zam-Buk

THE GREAT HERBAL CURATIVE BALM

FREE SAMPLES *Have you tried Zam-Buk Balm and Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap? If not address postcard (bearing 1d. stamp) to the Zam-Buk Laboratories, Leeds, and you will receive both free samples by return. Mention "John Bull," 1/10/27.*

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UNDOUBTEDLY this is an opportunity to be seized—without hesitation. The IMPERIA KNITTER enables you to make money in your own home with certainty and regularity—money to save if you work only now and then money to live on in comfort if you make it your occupation. You can learn to work the Imperia Knitter in a day, and the next day you can be earning. Nothing could be simpler than the working of the Imperia Knitter, and nothing more perfect than the work it turns out. All sorts of beautiful and useful things can be made on the Imperia Knitter—Hosiery, Underwear, Jumpers, Knitted Costumes. There is no risk about it, no worry, no uncertainty of any kind, because—

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and pay the best rates. At the same time you can sell to private customers and shops if you want to, and so build up a splendid little home-business with a sure income for life. In your own interests you should know the facts about this wonderful proposition, and our FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK will tell you. It really is a wonderful proposition, a sure income for man or woman at all times, and freedom from money worries and the risk of unemployment. Call if you can—write if you can't, but get the IMPERIA BOOK (Free for Coupon) and learn about this golden opportunity.

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No 605 35/- CASH TO RECORD BUYERS

Foronly 2/6 Deposit you can obtain *direct from our factory* on **easy monthly terms** a genuine 607 Mead Cabinet Gramophone. Artistic Oak Table Grand. Light Portable, Hornless or massive Horn instrument. **NOTHING MORE TO PAY FOR ONE MONTH.** Packed free and carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain on 10 Days' Free Trial. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full **Factory soiled instruments from 20/- cash.** Write TO-DAY for bargain catalogue and prices—*and ask for pamas.* Also ask for particulars of Saxophones, Banjos, Melodeons, Jazz Outfits, Violins, Mandolines, Ukuleles, etc., at low cash prices or on easy payment terms.

2/6 NOW No. 607

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There's a RILEY Home Billiard Table for every house no matter how small the rooms!

These are the sizes and prices of Riley's Home Billiard Tables built just like Full-size Tables, complete with all accessories.

4ft. 4in. x 2ft. 8in.	£7	0	0	or in 18 monthly payments of	£/6	
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14/- DOWN By sending 14/- you can have the popular 6 ft. size "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE delivered free on 7 days' free trial. If not perfectly satisfied after the trial you are quite at liberty to return the table. If the 6 ft. size is not suitable for your room order one of the other sizes and pay as you play.

Write To-day for FREE Price List.

Riley's also make the famous Combine Billiard and Dining Tables which can in a few seconds be converted from dining table to billiard table or vice versa. Cash prices from £22 10 0 or on generous deferred payment terms.

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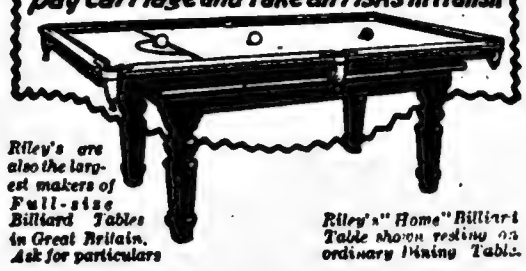

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GOOD DISHES FOR "A.P."

Hot-Pots for the Week-end on the "Frying-Pan" Course—My Cesarewitch Tips—Racing at Headquarters—Yellow Underwing

I SHALL have one more opportunity of discussing the Cesarewitch, but in the meantime I am quite satisfied with my two black-lettered selections, Try Try Again and Cap-a-Pie.

J. CALDWELL has been booked to ride the mare. This light-weight can hold his own with the best. With regard to Cap-a-Pie, I understand that at the moment the stable intend to rely on young Freeman, the gelding's "Ebor" jockey.

Lord Derby, the owner of Cap-a-Pie

IT will not surprise me if plans are altered and Tommy Weston puts up a few pounds overweight. Last year Try Try Again carried a few pounds extra for the services of Lord Derby's jockey.

I HAD a nice little wager at 40 to 1 against Mr. Carr's mare and on the morning of the race she was quoted at "tens." However, as we all know, she went amiss and would have been better off at home.

ROSE PRINCE, Forsetti, Masked Ruler and Insight II., Mr. Macomber's winners of the big back-end handicaps during the past few years—three of them at outside prices—warn us that we must always expect danger from this quarter, but on this particular occasion I cannot see the red light.

MY French Correspondent tells me that the millionaire's camp is banking on Masked Ruler for the long-distance event and hopes that Insight II. will repeat his Cambridgeshire victory of last year. Clout, who has come over to supervise the training, is satisfied that Masked Ruler will get the distance, and has no fault to find with the weight. However, he will be a wonderful man if in these days he gets a Cesarewitch out of a Cambridgeshire winner.

"WHO shall guard the guardians?" A visit to headquarters the centre of this week's racing reminds me of the old Latin tag. The course may be spacious, but it is not ideal. It is necessary to do a dog trot down the course to see the conclusion of many events, and in close finishes the crowd often cheer the wrong horse home.

HOWEVER, my job is not to grouse, but to find winners. The Great Eastern Handicap, on the second day, looks to me like a gift for Holikoki. I think this is the first time the French-bred four-year-old has got in a race over here with under 9st. Evidently the stable knows his worth for he was bought in for 1,550 guineas after his win at Goodwood and has not been risked in another "seller."

LIGHT DRAGOON is a light of other days. It is five years since the gelded son of Charles O'Malley won the Cesarewitch at 100 to 1, but he is still useful for sellers and should pick up the Thetford Plate on Thursday. He has been doing plenty of gallops over ten furlongs at home lately.

ON the same day Mr. C. E. Howard may take the Bentinck Fund Nursery with Economy. The youngster was well behind Caballero and Radio—first and second past the post at Gatwick—but the form is good.

THE Newmarket St. Leger—on Friday—should fall to Baralong, if this is his race. I coded the Manton three-year-old when he was so unluckily beaten by Le Roi Soleil in August. He made no mistake next time out at Derby and ran very well in the Doncaster St. Leger until eased. I also like Spanish Wish in the Ditch Mile Nursery.

I SHALL go to Alexandra Park on Saturday to back Tabennite if the Stockbridge horse runs in the Barnet Handicap. Mr. Easterbee's six-year-old caught my eye at "Ally Pally" in the Metropolitan Sale Plate, won by Done Up. Tabennite was second, but the race was marred by the scrimmage over which Turtle lost his licence.

ON altered terms I backed Mrs. Easterbee's six-year-old to reverse the placings in the September Handicap at the next meeting. The result was the same—Done Up 1, Tabennite 2—but on this occasion Sunderlad went "mad" at the gate and Tabennite received most of his vicious attention. The gelding was kicked repeatedly on the shins and chest, and I considered my money lost before the start. Tabennite only went under by a neck.

TAG END, one of Mr. J. B. Joel's expensive Irish purchases, should be good enough to win the London Sprint. The grey won five consecutive races in the Emerald Isle before making a *debut* over here at Liverpool, where he was virtually left at the post. My other selections are Gallowglass, Suspicion, and last, but not least, Gordon Richards.

SOME months ago I suggested that Yellow Underwing, having descended the social scale from handicaps to sellers, should prove a profitable investment. So far the six-year-old has five successes to his credit, and a reader who has profited points out to me that four of these victories were Saturday wins. Don't forget this Saturday hint when contemplating your Sunday joint.

"SILVER RING."

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Middlesbrough, Newcastle, Southampton, Swansea, Bradford, Chesterfield.

5 HOME.—Burnley, Newcastle, Swansea, Exeter, Glasgow Rangers.

4 HOME.—Southampton, Bradford, Newport, Queen's Park.

3 AWAY.—Rochdale, Brighton, Motherwell.

3 DRAWS.—Bury v. Sunderland, Bristol C. v. Chelsea, Doncaster v. Darlington.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Newcastle, Swansea, Queen's Park Rangers, Brighton, Celtic.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Chesterfield, Brighton, Arsenal v. West Ham.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUE I. and II.).—Burnley, Middlesbrough, Manchester C., Stoke, Swansea.

FORECASTS FOR OCTOBER 8.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Cardiff, Everton, Portsmouth, Sheffield W., Sunderland, West Ham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bury, Liverpool.

DRAWS.—Blackburn v. Huddersfield, Bolton v. Newcastle.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Chelsea, Grimsby, Leeds, Manchester C., Reading.

AWAY WINNERS.—Barnsley, West Bromwich.

DRAWS.—Clapton O. v. Bristol C., Notts Forest v. Preston, South Shields v. Fulham.

THE LEAGUE DIVISION III. (Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bradford C., Crewe, Darlington, Halifax, Nelson, Rochdale, Rotherham.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bradford, Doncaster.

DRAWS.—New Brighton v. Lincoln, Stockport v. Tranmere.

THE LEAGUE DIVISION III. (Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Bournemouth, Brentford, Brighton, Charlton, Gillingham, Luton, Plymouth, Southend.

AWAY WINNERS.—Newport, Swindon.

DRAW.—Bristol R. v. Watford.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS. — Aberdeen, Airdrie, Hearts, Motherwell, St. Johnstone, St. Mirren.

AWAY WINNERS.—Falkirk.

DRAW.—Cowdenbeath v. Raith R.

Go to the Dogs

by all means, but first read
THE SPORTING LIFE,
which contains Best Greyhound Racing Reports.
Daily, 2d.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

W P L K B O 3 Z 2 C F J A U

E T G X R V S M Y I Q N H D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. IHTHTCW would read CAP-A-PIE.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 28, to Tuesday, October 4.

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128 TEAMS. 6 Different Lists.

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CHALLENGER (CREDIT) COUPONS
20/- in the £ ALWAYS.

Hot Dogs to Follow

WE hope next week to be able to give the nominations for the hurdles championship, for which our contemporary, *The Sporting Life*, is giving a handsome trophy. Great interest is being taken in the event all over the country, and the final is likely to produce the race of the year.

SO open is it that the odds against each competitor are sure to be generous, but we believe we know the winner already. This will be revealed in due course.

FORM has gone all awry of late, and many fancied animals—popular winners of the past—have fallen to pieces of our recent nominations. JOHN BULL dogs, in fact, have been very successful.

IN this connection it would be as well not to ignore, at future White City meetings, the claims of Lickfinn Rover, World's Way, Luck at Last, Teddy Tail and Peach Blossom.

AT Harringay we advise the consistent support of Doctor Mac, Black Fox, Blackie, Primrose Nell, Scallywag and, of course, One House Ben, a dog of real speed and stamina.

UPHEAVALS of form have been frequent of late at Manchester, but, at the same time, it would be foolish to ignore the claims of Fair and Aisy Flying Wonder, Ballinrea Boy, Servington Brigade and Wayward Fancy.

AT Leeds there are Bouncing Bess, An Open Letter, Ormonde Lady, Hillside, Black Prince, Bing Boy and Mona's Light, each of which is due to score at an early date.

AS favourites at Hull have been remarkably unsuccessful, close attention should be paid to the claims of Sunny June, Free Set, Onward Lad, Triple Steel, and Beggar's Belle, no matter in what class they appear.

IN the Blackpool kennels we have not yet had revealed the true form of Pleasant Joker, Lively Song, Kind Rebel, Rum Hot and Magic Boy.

AND a similar state of affairs prevails at Birmingham, especially at the King's Heath kennels. Here Sahara, Lady Christabelle, Helping Hand, Major Ray and Milltown Victor must come into prominence ere long.

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New Hair Growth

A multitude of men and women have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko, with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

New Thick Growth After Baldness.

Holland Park, London, W.

Two years ago I found, to my dismay, that **my hair was all falling out.** I could find nothing to stop it. At last only one patch of hair remained, about the size of my hand. I was **under hospital treatment** for some months, but it was all to no use, and **I was still without hair.**

Then I heard of Kotalko, and began to use it night and morning. **After using it for a fortnight** I was very much surprised to see a very faint down coming on my head. I used it regularly for six months, and now I have a **fine thick head of hair.**

(Mrs.) E. N. Hillman.

Big Patches of Baldness Now Covered with Hair.

Boasbeck, Yorks.

When I first sent for Kotalko I was practically **bald all over my head** with great big patches of baldness. Now, as you will see by my photograph, after six months' use of Kotalko, I have **as good and thick a head of hair as anyone could desire.** The improvement was noticeable from the very first box, and the complete new growth was achieved by only two large boxes.

William Daniels.

Growth After Baldness.

Dungannon.

My head was all bald patches. Various preparations had been used, but failed to bring on the hair. This made me dubious about Kotalko, but I decided to give it a chance. After two months' use the **hair started to grow on the bald patches,** and now after using six boxes my head is absolutely normal, **thick hair** covering the baldness, and the scalp in splendid condition. Kotalko has certainly worked wonders.

Robt. J. Wylie.

New Hair Grew on Bald Places.

Goxhill, Nr. Hull.

I can highly recommend Kotalko, for it is worth its weight in gold. I was greatly troubled with dandruff and falling hair, and gradually the hair came away, leaving me **quite bald in parts.**

I quickly saw an improvement when I commenced using Kotalko, for the dandruff began to clear. Soon the falling stopped, and **new hair began to grow on the bald places, and now my hair is quite thick,** and free from all signs of dandruff, thanks to Kotalko. I have recommended your preparation to my friends, and shall be only too pleased to recommend to all I meet in need of such a hair grower.

You may use this testimony if you wish to do so, and help convince the sceptical that **Kotalko is genuine.**

George Dent.

Thick and Curly Hair,

Nr. Farnham (Surrey).

When I began to use Kotalko **I was quite bald. I used to wear a silk cap** to cover my head, as I had given up all hope, and was tired of trying things to get my hair back again.

My friends have watched the gradual change in my head, from its milk-white baldness to its **present wonderful thickness of hair.** I used to apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until the hair grew all over my head **in its natural brown colour,** and **thick and curly** as the photograph shows.

The new growth of hair **is the talk of my neighbours and friends.** My grateful appreciation for your good advice, and wishing you every success to Kotalko, yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Nellie O'Neill.

New Hair at 75.

Carnarvonshire.

Kotalko has grown a nice lot of hair on the top of my head, although I am 75 years of age. When I was younger I had a wonderful head of hair, but it commenced to fall out many years ago, and I had tried many things, but to no avail, until I used Kotalko. My friends are surprised and **my barber is astonished at my hair growing so well,** as shown in the photograph. Kotalko is grand, and I am **proud to boast of such a good head of hair at my age.**

James Harris.

100,000 TEST BOXES

KOTALKO has components of **genuine bear fat** (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients from the **three Kingdoms of Nature,** in accord with the recipe of the original compound, and modern improvements thereon.

Readers of this paper who are troubled by falling hair, dandruff, and baldness are invited to send for a test box at once.

A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it is only necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

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PLAYER'S NAVY-CUT.
NCC 221

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

IT is quite possible that your best friend, with the finest intentions, may through ignorance give you the worst advice in your trouble. One friend, however, you can confidently rely upon—JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service. Its staff of experts is prepared to impart the knowledge gained by experience. Send particulars (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope. It's worth it!*

N. R. S. (Bedford).—"What's the best book for a holiday?" A cheque book.

T. B. (London, E.C.).—"He is well-to-do now." Then he's been hard-to-do.

D. R. (Shetland).—"My letter is very brief." That's all we like about it.

P. R. (Battle).—"I hate to be sat upon." Doesn't it depend on the girl?

D. M. (Colchester).—"Do you like all my article?" Not half.

T. N. (Glasgow).—"I know a few useful dodges." You should play rugby.

A. R. (Swanwick).—"I have a headache." Perhaps an idea struck you.

T. B. (Huntingdon).—"I need time." It's not for us to say if you deserve it.

M. L. (Portsmouth).—"I play the organ." Handle selections?

W. S. (Barnsley).—"How can I cultivate an American accent?" Catch a cold in the nose.

ARTIST (S.W.8).—"My latest picture has brought me a deal of credit." Enough to live upon?

J. McL. (Dundee).—"'Never give up!' is my motto." Of course. Just look where you live.

C. K. (Butterleigh).—"Opportunity knocks once at every door." But never turns the handle of its own accord.

L. L. (Brixton).—"My fiancee spends a fortune on dresses." Better marry the dressmaker.

R. T. G. (Folkestone).—"I was ordered to appear at court in his suit." Hope it fitted you.

B. G. (Exeter).—"The average modern girl has good looks." Hence the average modern man has ditto.

Mrs. J. (Croydon).—"My neighbour wastes all her time talking over the fence." To you?

L. M. (Hyde).—"I find all indoor games very easy." Ever tried playing chess on a crossword puzzle?

V. R. (Walthamstow).—"I move in the best circles." Then presumably you are square.

T. Y. (Glossop).—"I'll have my own way or know the reason why." Well, you ought to know your own wife.

C. J. (Coleford).—"Pedestrians cannot be forced to give way to motorists." But only a fool would stop to argue the point.

P. P. (Braintree).—"I am studying lip reading." A girl with red lips makes a fascinating book.

H. D. (Manchester).—"He is always giving himself away." Then we guess nobody has any use for him.

R. N. M. (S. Shields).—"My neighbours are all great sinners." You must feel very much at home.

J. W. W. (Watford).—"He says he'll marry no girl who hasn't naturally wavy hair." Too mean to pay a hairdresser?

R. E. (Wallasey).—"They gave us canned meat and nothing to drink." Then you certainly couldn't get canned.

B. S. (Redditch).—"Servants don't know their place to-day." They don't stay in one long enough.

B. D. (Luton).—"What foods are most indigestible?" Generally those we like best.

G. S. (Bridgford).—"How can I learn to drive a nail without hitting my fingers?" Get your wife to hold it.

J. P. S. (Cardiff).—"I can stop out late as I'm not married." Then why do you want to stop out late?

B. M. (Brighton).—"Cross-Channel swimmers have been unlucky this year." Can you wonder they are cross?

NELL (Baldock).—"You would have liked my get-up at the dance." Who pushed you down?

D. R. (Ipswich).—"What should be done to First League footballers who don't try?" They deserve six months in the second division.

Mrs. G. (Bexhill).—"Fashionable clothes are very expensive." Isn't your husband rich enough to clothe you indecently?

JESSIE T. (Pontefract).—"I am a telephone operator, but find it hard to make ends meet." Just keep plugging away.

Mrs. F. (Peckham). — "Nowadays women want more artistic clothing." Some of them want more clothing whether it's artistic or not.

D. W. (Bournemouth).—"My wife declares that our boy, who is not too bright, takes after his father." A chip of the old blockhead, in fact.

H. P. (Tavistock).—"Her most wonderful gift is her voice, which is the voice of a siren." Good heavens, do you mean a fog-horn?

L. E. (Troon).—"He will wear plus-fours and he has the thinnest legs I have ever seen." He runs a big risk of being arrested for having no visible means of support.

T. W. (Sutton).—"I have nothing further to say so I'll close." If you had said that at the beginning it would have been just as true.

MABEL K. (Merton).—"He said he had a good mind to kiss me on the spot." And you told him, no doubt, that the spot was barred.

C. F. (Fulham).—"One can't help noticing how beautifully the modern girl's clothes fit her figure." The fitter the fewer, of course.

P. H. (Norbiton).—"The world would be a more comfortable place, sir, if there was only one sex." No doubt—more comfortable by half.

J. F. (Bury).—"I can give you something worth a hundred pounds." We know—a hundred pounds.

E. K. (Darlington).—"Have you heard of the song called 'Summertime'?" Yes: "One Fine Day."

F. S. (Reading).—"I like a smoke in solitude." We are acquainted with that brand of cigar.

ROSE (Melksham).—"I was too late for a job in the chorus." By how many years?

Mrs. R. (Whitby).—"I believe in deeds, not words." But take care to have them made out in your own name.

T. U. R. (London, N.).—"One month is the same as another to a married man." Except February—that's shorter

H. N. (London, E.C.).—"There is a tremendous force for good in London." We blush modestly.

T. B. (Bolton).—"Which was the largest island before Australia was discovered?" Australia.

F. M. (Hove).—"I should succeed, as I have ability." You will if you have reliability as well.

P. T. (Hastings).—"Do you think we'll have a fine autumn?" Oh, yes, weather permitting.

T. E. (Cardiff).—"In short, the Welsh language is neglected." It may be neglected, but it's never short.

A. T. E. (Devonport).—"In my position I have to deal with many cranks." You'll need a cool bearing for that.

FARMER (St. Albans).—"Black sheep eat less than white ones." Naturally. There are fewer of them.

ALICE (Poole).—"I lost my head about him." Where did you find it? On his shoulder?

D. L. (Falmouth).—"Thank you for my *Bullets* Tenner last week. It was my first effort." If at first you *do* succeed, you won't need telling to try again.

R. N. (Torquay).—"He always wears two pairs of trousers." He's probably nervous about Alsatians.

G. H. (Highbury).—"He is always up before the magistrate." The magistrate must be a late riser.

T. R. (Campdown).—"The days are drawing in." Yes, it's getting later earlier.

B. E. (Iver).—"Ink, although black, enlightens the whole world." Yes, but not your ink.

A. P. (Chester).—"Our new cook is very tall." Do you think she'll stay long?

F. M. (Maida Vale).—"I was doubtful whether I should kiss her." Did you give her the benefit of the doubt?

T. R. P. (Marston).—"Lamp-posts should be abolished." That would mean taking away many a man's sole support.

L. T. (Durham).—"Our copper coins are rather ugly." Still, many people report that their holidays cost them a pretty penny.

F. M. (Twickenham).—"What a change a woman can make in a man's life!" And what a lot of change she needs while doing it!

GEO. T. (Clifton).—"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Does your wife let you rule the world sometimes?

F. M. (London, N.).—"Policemen shouldn't use slang." We suppose, however, that firemen will still be told to go to blazes by their superior officers?

E. R. (Hull).—"Few know what I suffered." Most people, we suppose, kept out of earshot.

D. E. (Luton).—"I met her as we were boarding a 'bus." You got on together, then, from the first.

L. R. (Frome).—"I have lived in Chicago." You were very lucky to do that.

H. E. (Bradford).—"What will you send me for my poem 'A Yorkshire Lad'?" Nowt.

D. N. (Mitcham).—"He's 101 and quite content." The first 100 years are always the worst.

ETHEL (Tooting).—"I wouldn't be seen in a fashionable dance frock." O, yes, you would—quite a lot of you.

P. H. (Newtown).—"Her husband is a tanner." We bet the kids behave themselves!

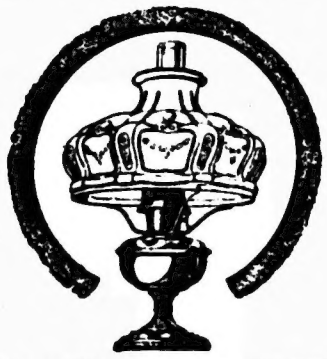
T. Y. (Bradford).—"I enclose some verses which I hope will be set to music." In our opinion, they are nothing to make a song about.

W. Y. (Paddington).—"Please don't jump to a conclusion." We felt inclined to do so—the middle of your letter was dreadfully dull.

P. N. (Camden Town).—"The taxi-driver drove me straight there." He couldn't have been thinking what he was doing.

CLARE (Penge).—"I'm walking out with a different young man now." Why? Was your other young man an indifferent young man?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)



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Here's a safe little nightlight which burns paraffin at a cost of a penny for 100 hours, and it is the last nightlight you need buy. In metal, enamelled pink, yellow, blue, red, green, mauve or white. (If with glass hood, 3/-)

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Never delay in dealing with an attack of Nasal Catarrh. Clear the Nasal airways and eustachian tubes with Nostroline Nasal Specific and promptly drive out every symptom of Catarrh. If you dally with it or "wait and see" you are running grave risks. "Nostroline" is the best thing for Catarrh. At Chemists, 1/6 and 3/-, or—

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THE SECRET OF PUTTING ON FLESH.

DON'T MERELY ADD SUPERFLUOUS FAT.

You can easily put on flesh, increase weight and strengthen your nerves by taking a five-grain tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate with your meals. True it is simple, but it is absolutely sure. Because its organic phosphates are actually converted into living nerve tissue, and because the iron notably enriches the blood, this great tonic restores vitality to each organ of the body. Thus Blood-Iron Phosphate builds up solid, healthy flesh and develops the figure along its natural lines without adding superfluous fat. Get this unrivalled nerve and body-builder from your chemist. It costs only 3s., yet if you have not gained flesh, or if Blood-Iron Phosphate does not make you stronger and healthier, as well as better looking, you can have your money back without question.

Wise mothers use Sphagnol

The advice of over 12,000 doctors is to use Sphagnol for all skin and scalp troubles, such as Eczema, Acne, etc. Sphagnol is soothing — beautifying, too—gives the glow of perfect skin health.

Send for free samples

Sphagnol

SOAPS OINTMENT

Post Products Sphagnol Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) 21 Bush Lane, London, E.C.4

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

8/- NOW

£10 FOR £6

The Game of the Graves 'Speed King' Cycle is guaranteed, enamelled Black & Coach Lined (colours can be supplied) all Black if desired. Fitted with

B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR

DUNLOP Roadster Cord Tyres

RENOLD CHAIN

MIDDLEMORE'S Three Coil Spring Saddle

Lady's or Gent's model same price. Carriage Paid. Terms: 8/- now, & 8/- monthly. Complete Approval

10 YEARS WARRANTY

£8:0:0

Catalogue Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

The Tears of Mons

Pitiable Human Wreckage of the Battlefield

WHILE those who lost fathers, brothers and sons during the four years of ceaseless horror in the Ypres salient are flocking in their tens of thousands to the impressive memorial at the Menin Gate, a living stream of human wreckage continues to trickle through the streets of our cities and spread over the countryside as a ghastly reminder of the duty that remains undone.

A man from Mons sat with us for an hour last week, a living picture of despair. He had been sent to us, in the hope that we might be able to afford some assistance.

The pathetic part of it all was that it was so difficult to help him, for though he was shattered in body and mind, even in his despair he held his head proudly and begged not to be offered charity.

He pleaded for work, work of any kind, and when we gently told him that we could not, alas! find work for all who come to us seeking employment, he broke down and sobbed like a child.

He enlisted in 1908 and was still serving when the Great War broke out. He went to France with the first contingent and was then "A 1." When, after his demobilisation in 1919, he applied for a pension, his application was refused.

A few months later he tried to obtain Post Office work, but he was rejected as medically unfit!

Left without even the customary pittance of a few shillings a week, which is all the reward his grateful country bestows upon a man for the years and health sacrificed in her service, he has lately been acting as a caretaker, receiving 10s. a week and free accommodation, but he has been compelled to give up this post by reason of the breakdown of his constitution. He has a wife and three children depending upon him.

For their sakes, and theirs alone, he regretfully accepted the grant of money which we pressed upon him so that they might not be without proper nourishment while he is regaining his strength and efforts are being made to arrange something for the future.

Do your duty to those who did their duty for you and send the utmost you can spare to the "Greatest of These— " Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

T. H. Harvey (Weymouth), 2s. 6d.; M. S. (Hampton Hill), 1s.; L. R. [illegible] (Marylebone Rd.), 7s. 6d.; T. Davidson (Leven, Fife), 1s.; E. Barlow (Wroot, Nr. Doncaster), 1s.; A Mother, 1s.; Mrs. Jones (Manchester), 1s.; W. Hobson (Leeds), 6d.; J. Elkins (Langport), 3s.; A. Warner (Shadwell), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Pidgett (Plumstead), 1s.; S. E. Bowyer (Dulwich Village), 10s.; Mr. F. J. Harris (Romford), 5s.; Anon., 5s.; Ex-Waac (Rainworth), 1s.; J. L. S. (Brechin), 1s.; W. Fox, 9d.; Miss M. Burgess (Carlisle), 5s.; Mrs. A. Thomas (Clitheroe, Lancs), 10s.; H. G. (Belvedere), 1s.; J. Ashcroft (Nottingham), 1s.; A Reader of *John Bull* (Salop), 10s.; Had Some (Swindon), 1s.; S. A. G., 1s.; Sworrub (Sutherland), 1s.; A Ninth (Coventry), 1s; Just a Ninth (Burnbank), 6d.; Anon. (Bristol), 10s.; Tilly Will, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Lowe (Farnham, Surrey), 2s. 6d.; Miss A. Hancox (Kenilworth), 6d.; Sydney Harrison (Stockport), 1s.; A. Sparrow (Wolverhampton), 6d.; M. J. D. (Balham), 2s.; L. R. Collison (Clapham, S.W.4), 10s.; Jessie (Melton Mowbray), 1s.; H. G. F. C. (S. Africa), 5s.; S.G. D. (Eastbourne), 10s.; Bonnie, 3d.; E. M. Beckett (West Ham), 6s. 6d.; A. K. (Ashton-u.-Lyne), 15s.; Arthur Smith (Bristol), 6d.; F. R. Bull (Southampton), 6d.; H. B. (S.W.5), 1s.; To Help Someone Poorer Than Myself, 1s.; Billy (S.E.12), 5s.; Mrs. Dolman (Mile End, E.), 1s.; Little Doffy's Friday Pennies, 2s.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Chiswick, W.4), 6d.; Best Wishes from Dundee, 10s.; Splash (Bethnal Green Road), 2s. 6d.; F. M. (Eltham), 2s.

PIMPLES BROKE OUT ON SCALP

Itched and Burned Terribly. Cuticura Heals.

"A rash of pimples broke out on my scalp. After a while the pimples dried up and scaled off. They itched and burned terribly, and at night time they seemed to be at their worst. My hair fell out so that I was afraid to use my brush and comb.

"I tried several treatments but they had no effect. After three months of torture I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more and in a fortnight I was healed." (Signed) Mrs E. Gilbert, 48, Union St., Bridgetown, Cannock, Staffs., England.

Use Cuticura to heal skin troubles.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

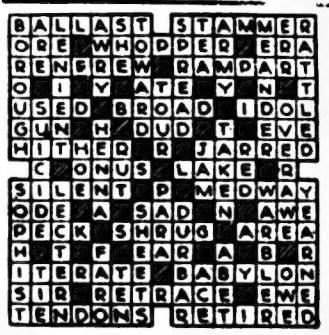
NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF DR. WHITE'S

KOMPO FOR COLDS

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR Colds, Influenza, Sore Throats, etc.

Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 3/-

J. F. WHITE & CO. Chemists, Leeds.



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 2

Shop from your armchair. Read the Bargain Offers on pages 4 and 31.

HIGHLY PAID EMPLOYMENT

is waiting for qualified Employees either Technical, Commercial, Civil Service or Police. We have Postal Courses for all the Examinations. Study in your spare time. Full particulars and advice free.

The BENNETT COLLEGE, Ltd., Dept. 31, Sheffield

As easy as winking - to roll your own cigarettes

AND Save Money

ZIG ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

CORNS—BUT WHY?

Don't suffer another day with sore, tender, tired, aching, burning, smarting and swollen feet. Such misery is no longer necessary. Here is proof which no one can possibly doubt.

READ THIS UNSOLICITED LETTER

50, Bristol Street, Newport, Mon.

Sirs,—For years I have suffered with a nasty corn under the big toe. After using Reudel Bath Saltrates the corn came right out. I enclose the corn and you are welcome to it (if it is any use to you), as I am more than pleased to get rid of it.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) E. S. DURANT.

Costs you nothing to try. If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the results your money will be refunded immediately, in full and without question

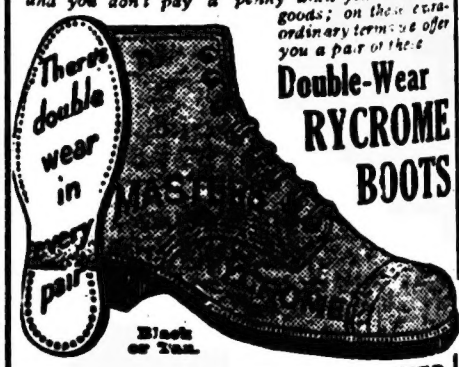
There is only ONE Bath SALTRATES

1/6 REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

NO DEPOSIT

and you don't pay a penny until you receive the goods; on these extraordinary terms we offer you a pair of these

Double-Wear RYCROME BOOTS



Black or Tan.

1/- WEEKLY

AN AMAZING OFFER which places within your means these famous Rycrome Leather Soled Boots, leather lined, and built for hard wear. Price 25/- on extraordinary easy terms. We despatch the Boots to you without deposit and before receiving any money from you and after we have sent you the Boots you pay 4/- on delivery and balance 1/- weekly (6/- monthly). Simply fill up the application form below and the Boots will be delivered to your door carriage paid.

25/- BOOT APPLICATION FORM No. 82.
Please send me Pair of Rycrome Boots as illustrated. Price 25/-. Size ..... Colour.....
If not satisfied, I agree to return them within 7 days, otherwise I will complete purchase in weekly payments of one shilling each, or (6/- monthly).
Send name and address on separate paper

MASTERS, Ltd., 83 Hope Stores, RYE

A Winner's Motto

"IN three words," writes Mr. Reginald Bentley, of 133, Bradford Road, Huddersfield, "the sum of human philosophy is contained." "Wait and hope" has been his motto through a life of troubles and now a £250 cheque has come to line the clouds with gold.

The *Bullet* which gained for Mr. Bentley the First Prize in Competition No. 649 was:—How HE GOT THERE—EVERYTHING HE "PUSHED"—"WENT." "I was in two minds whether to enter it or not," admits the winner, "but naturally I am pleased and thankful that I did."

Mr. Bentley is a machine draughtsman for a well-known textile manufacturer in Huddersfield. Thanks to *Bullets*, he is now going to try his hand at drawing cheques to set up house once more for his wife and child.

"Wait and hope" may be a good motto, but mere mottoes never brought success to anybody. Deliver the goods in the shape of a First Prize *Bullet* and the cash will be yours.

The Competitor's Harvest

The closing months of the year are bringing a shower of leaves from JOHN BULL'S cheque-book. A Record Twin £1,000 Offer and a succession of *Bullets* Tenners are soon to be followed by one of the biggest offers of the year.

£2,500 is the colossal sum which is to head the prize-list in *Bullets* No. 654. Meanwhile, another big batch of *Bullets* Tenners awaits competitors in the current contest, with a £250 First Prize for somebody like you.

There's a harvest of *Bullets* prizes waiting to be gathered in—don't leave it all for other people.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 653.

BRITANNIA'S JOB	YOUNG BRIDE
SAFELY	MIDNIGHT OIL
HEALTHY YOUNGSTER	A KNOCK-OUT
TIDE OF FORTUNE	CASTLES IN THE AIR
BUTTERFLY WIFE	HAPPY LAND
ON SECOND THOUGHTS	ONCE IN A LIFETIME
MY UMBRELLA	ROUGH LUCK
SUNNY SMILE	LIFE'S AUTUMN
THE OFFICE CLOCK	IN NATURE'S KINGDOM
WHAT THE FOOTBALL SAID	WHAT IS PLUCK?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13.** All coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **653** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed to "Bullets" No. **653**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.). Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples of Competition No. **652.**

The original Cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 649 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Earnshaw & Oates, 129, Bradford Road, Huddersfield.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 652 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 652.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE
REGRETTED
IN IRELAND
SAID TO THE BOXER
UPSIDE DOWN
SERIOUS BUSINESS
CLEVERLY
IN THE WINDOW
FATHER KNOWS
CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY
HER HANDICAP
AN HONEST MAN
COLD WATER
NEIGHBOUR'S PIANO
TOO YOUNG
SIMPLE
LIKE A DOG
WHAT THE TIPSTER SAID
THE ATLANTIC
LIKE AN ANGEL
LOSING TEAM
BROTHERS
WORTH KEEPING
ON THE BLACK LIST
A TRAP
WHY SHE REFUSED HIM
BIG DRAW
PLEASING THOUGHT
WITH A ROAR
WHEN I MARRY
SHOUTING
WHAT ARE TEARS?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Three recent Bullets Prize winners were:—

Example:—ARMAMENTS RACE — *Bullet*:—"ARREST"—DON'T "RUN IN."
Example:—YOUNG ENGLAND — *Bullet*:—OUR HOPE—WHAT'S THEIRS?
Example:—MAKING THINGS DIFFICULT — *Bullet*:—FOREIGNERS "MAKING THINGS" EASIER.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 652, "John Bull," Long Acre, London W.C.2. (Comp.)

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, October 6.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(652) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, October 6.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(652) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

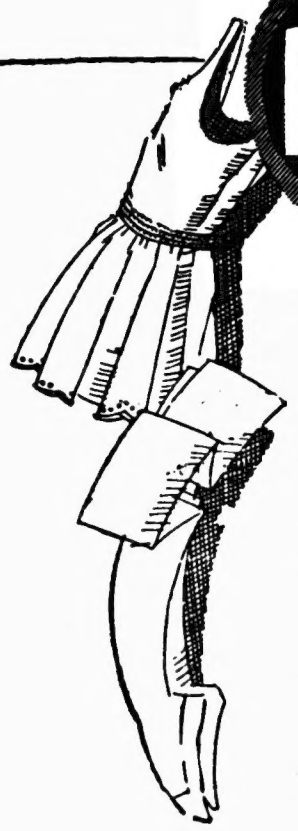
Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday October 6.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(652) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, October 6.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(652) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Are you a business girl -through at 5.30?

Or are you a housewife -with work that is never finished?



Persil

was made to do *all* washings *large or small*

PERSIL saves work in exact proportion to the amount of work there is to do.
Persil is used in large establishments—where there's a big washing almost every day.
Persil does more than a million family washings each week.
Persil does innumerable washbowl washings—silk stockings, undies, woollen sports clothes—for busy business girls whose minutes away from work are extra precious.

And this is how Persil does it—

You simply mix Persil to a thin cold water paste. Then put Persil to work in accordance with the simple rules you'll find on the packet. They vary slightly-to ensure the better washing of each kind of material. And that's all you have to do! Isn't that simple?
Don't think of Persil as an ordinary soap powder. It isn't. Persil washes—purifies—by releasing volumes of purifying fresh air—oxygen—in the washing water It washes cleaner, more easily, makes clothes wear longer and look better. And Persil washes everything washable. Try Persil and see.

EASIER WASHING HANDBOOK—FREE

Send a postcard for free copy of the Persil handbook of easier washing information—it contains 16 pages in colour, all you want to know about washing *all* kinds of fabrics—to Joseph Crosfield & Sons Ltd., Dept. P, Warrington.
When in London you are invited to the Persil Institute, 1c Marylebone Lane, just off Oxford Street, where you can discuss your washing problems, and see Persil at work—washing all kinds of materials.
Free demonstration continuously from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. daily—including Saturday. Come!

Persil

In 3½d and 6d packets

-conquers washday worries

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD WARRINGTON

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